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Agricultural.

TIME TO CUT WHEAT.

There has always been a good deal of speculation among good farmers as to the exact time to begin to cut wheat, that it may retain those properties which go to make wheat valuable for human food, and also weigh well, and look plump and bright. Whenever this discussion is going on, illustrations will be given of very early cut wheat which yielded well, looked bright and plump, and belied the fear that it might shrink or get musty in the bin, and yet the fear that it may go back on its reputation, and spoil on the individual's hands if cut early, deters most farmers from cutting at that time. For several years I have commenced cutting wheat before my neighbors, despite the warning often repeated that wet weather may come and cause it to grow, and all the other traditions of possible disaster that are likely to befall early cut wheat; yet I have never had wheat shrink, or be injured in any way from early cutting. Wheat needs a little more time to cure in the mow or stack if cut early, but all the other fears are groundless, and the decided advantages of early cut wheat overbalance all the possible harm that may attend it.

Wheat should be cut before the berry hardens; when the heads bend over, the straw is yellow, and the kernel will leave no moisture on the thumb nails when crushed between them, then is the time to begin. Straw from early cut wheat is worth double that which is left until dead ripe; it then has parted with all its juices and become woody fibre instead of nutritious animal food.

So far as the appearance of the kernel and the feeding value of the straw is concerned, any farmer of average penetration can discover that early cut wheat is decidedly to be preferred to wheat cut when the berry is hard and the straw dry and dead, but science can tell us something more; we wish to know the exact stage in the ripening of wheat when its food value is greatest and when the scale test will indicate the opportune period to begin the harvest. This knowledge has been furnished by an investigator who has done much for the farmers of this State in producing the required information in regard to this matter. He has been looking at the inside of these wheat kernels cut at different periods. I refer to Prof. R. C. Kedzie, and to a paper read before the Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Science, at Cincinnati, in August, 1881, entitled "The Ripening of Wheat." I make liberal extracts from this paper, as the information is timely and the facts important. The complete paper is found in the proceedings of the society alluded to, and can be procured of Prof. Beal, Lansing, the chairman of the board of publication.

"One of the circumstances which has a modifying influence upon the quantity and the quality of wheat, is the time of cutting the grain. There is some diversity of opinion respecting the time when wheat should be cut, in order to secure the best results, some advocating early cutting and others recommending that the grain should become dead ripe before harvesting. The plea for complete ripening, like the plea for flinty wheats as a class, is based upon the claim that only the hard and flinty wheats have the desirable amount of gluten, that the early ripened and the soft wheats are so deficient in gluten, that good flour cannot be made from them, and only the hard wheats possess the required amount of gluten. The true explanation of this exaltation of the flinty wheats, and depreciation of the soft wheats, is that there has been a revolution in the methods of milling, by the introduction of the patent grinding. Under the old method when the grinding was completed at one operation, the soft wheats were in demand, and early cutting while the 'berry was in the

dough" was recommended. But since the new process has been introduced, in which the grinding is accomplished in successive stages and the highest priced and priced flour is now made from the middlings, which formerly were discarded as unfit for human food, a very different quality of wheat is desired. The soft wheats are no longer in demand, but the hard and flinty wheats, which will produce the largest amount possible of middlings for purifying, making the "new process flour." The farmer is urged to discard his white winter wheat, and to let his wheat stand until dead ripe, in order to secure the hard and flinty berry. This is fair and legitimate, and should give offence to no one, for the miller has the right to give the preference to one quality of wheat berry over another quality, but the case becomes different when he alleges as the ground for such preference, that the soft wheat is so deficient in gluten as to be incapable of making good flour; that the formation of gluten is one of the last acts in ripening of wheat, and that the early ripened berry is so deficient in gluten as to be unfit for milling.

"There would have been less heat in the discussion if the millers had frankly said that in consequence of a great change in the process of milling, wheat of a different texture is now in demand, without attempting to drive out the wheats which had been standards of excellence by representing them as so deficient in gluten as to be unfit for use. The farmer replies: 'My white winter wheat had enough gluten five years ago and commanded the highest price. Why has it become so poor in gluten?' It is hardly fair for the miller to attempt to cover his change of base by this flank movement of asserting that the soft wheats are deficient in gluten."

The Professor proceeds to explain what led him to attempt the experiment of determining at what period in the ripening of wheat, the greatest amount of gluten was present in the berry, and says: "I began to gather my specimens on June 26th, and gathered a specimen of each variety (Clawson and Schumacher), at 9 o'clock a. m. for twenty-one successive days, a period embracing the progressive changes of the berry from its early formation, and before the contents of the berry were milky in color, up to the time of dead ripeness."

A memorandum of the condition of the samples for each day is given, with tables of weight and the number of kernels in a given weight; also a table of the per cent of gluten, acreage product in pounds of albumenoids and carbohydrates. The Schumacher variety was about five days earlier than the Clawson, was in the milk at the first cutting and dead ripe at the last, and this comparative difference in the results was maintained through all the processes; the changes occurring in regular order with each variety. My reference is now with the Clawson, and the experiment shows that from the 12th to the 15th cuttings gave the best showing both in weight and value, diminishing each way from that.

The memoranda for the 11th cutting is: "Stalks yellowish; heads begin to bend, berry thin dough, a little sweet." For the 12th cutting: "Straw yellow, heads bend more, berry in the dough, only a little sweet;" 13th cutting: "Heads bent over, berry stiff dough;" 14th cutting: "Berry crushes dry between thumb nails;" 15th cutting: "Berry nearly dry and becoming hard, straw entirely ripe;" 16th cutting: "Berry dry and hard, stalk a full yellow."

In a summary up of the results of his analyses, the Professor says: "The claim that gluten is principally formed near the close of the process of ripening, and that the dead ripe wheat contains more gluten than wheat harvested at some earlier period of growth, receives no support from the results of these analyses." He further says: "I claim that one hundred pounds of early ripened wheat will contain a greater number of pounds of albumenoids than will a hundred pounds of the same wheat at a later period of ripening, when the accumulation of starch will have lowered the relative amount of albumenoids."

"The acreage product increases with the growth of the crop up to a certain stage of ripening (when the grain crushes dry), and after this period there is no increase either relatively or absolutely."

"No effort was made to determine the food value of the straw at the different periods of cutting, but the farmer is well aware of the rapid deterioration by allowing it to stand till the grain is dead ripe; and if the dead ripening is attended by no real increase of value in the grain, but an actual loss in the amount of grain, and the straw deteriorates greatly in the meantime, he may conclude that it is best to cut his grain as soon as ripe, and thus save himself from needless loss."

Farmers often delay the harvest for the reason that the sheaves are heavy to bind, and the men grumble, but the strong arm of the Appleby binder has rendered that excuse nugatory, and the saving of the grain, if no other reason, should decide the period of beginning to be three days before the wheat is likely to shell from handling.

THE NORVELL AND BRIDGEWATER FARMERS' CLUBS.

Meeting at the Residence of Mr. L. D. Watkins.—Interesting Discussions and Papers.

On Saturday, June 30, a union meeting of the Farmers' Clubs of Norvell and Bridgewater was held at the residence of Mr. L. D. Watkins, of Watkins Station, near Manchester. We arrived in the forenoon, and had the pleasure of looking over the barns, stables, outbuildings and a portion of the farm before the arrival of the members of the Club. Mr. Watkins has made this a model farm, and while keeping up its fertility has not neglected to add to the beauty of its surroundings by an intelligent and appreciative use of its natural advantages. A description of it would require too much space at this time, but we have some points noted down that we believe will be of general interest, and will appear in a future issue.

The Clubs were called to order about 3 P. M., by President T. B. Halladay, of the Norvell Club, who briefly stated the subject for discussion as selected at a former meeting, viz.: "How Shall We Increase Our Profits and Maintain the Fertility of Our Soil?" Before the discussion began a committee appointed at a former meeting of the Norvell Club, reported appropriate resolutions upon the death of Miss Kittie Bancroft, daughter of the Vice President of the Club. Mrs. Palmer then read a short paper on "How to Keep Young," especially addressed to the ladies present, but full of suggestions, by implication, to the heads of the households present. This paper will appear in the Household Department next week.

Mr. L. D. Watkins then opened the discussion on the subject chosen by a description of the various soils in the township of Norvell, their formation and character. He then gave the method of examining soil so as to ascertain its constituents. Growing crops must exhaust some of these constituents, and thus rob the soil of its fertility. The continuous growing of wheat as generally pursued by farmers, using the clover crop as the only fertilizer, must in time lead to the exhaustion of the soil. It was true that in this town the farmers had a soil calculated to stand this system for a long time, but from the nature of things an end must come some time. It was true that the long clover roots penetrated deep into the soil, and brought up fertilizing material, or plant food, to the surface. But this was at the expense of the subsoil, and that also would become exhausted in time. He counselled the growing of less grain, and the better fertilizing of the soil. To keep up its fertility the constituents necessary to grow crops must be returned to the soil. He did not believe that plants could draw so much food from the atmosphere as was generally believed. He gave the constituents of a fertile soil, and said we have all the elements in a marked degree in our soils, and should seek to retain them.

Mr. Hall, secretary of the Norvell Club, followed with a paper on "The Best Methods of Making the Farm Pay when Fertile," which was as follows: "It is natural for man to want to accumulate wealth. Every energy seems to be in that direction. Early in life he may place his mark ever so high and when that figure is reached he is only waiting for the time when he presses on for more. The question of profit and loss has been the problem over which man has studied since civilization began. So if I could lay down a set of principles in agriculture, that when put into force would insure an increase of profits, I would confer upon mankind a blessing indeed. But this I do not expect to do. It is through suggestions and liberal interchange of opinions that we are most likely to make progress. We are apt to run in ruts. It is hard to get out of the track that has been traveled for the last fifty years and wander out into the wilderness of experimental farming. Yet I think we are fast approaching the time when our present system of farming must be changed. The great wheat fields of the west are being opened up and pouring upon the market vast amounts of wheat, which with the present system of transportation, brings us into direct competition with cheap lands and cheap farming. We cannot compete with lands that cost only four to six dollars per acre, all ready for the plow and besides in the raising of wheat we are drawing from the soil so much fertility for a grain that is consumed thousands of miles away and therefore a dead loss to the farm. What we want to learn first is the science of converting the best fertilizer we have at hand into crops, and converting the crops into beef, pork and mutton that will command the highest market price. It is evident that we do not keep as much stock as we ought to. The best stocked farms are the most productive. An ordinarily good farm ought to keep one head of cattle for every three acres of tillable ground. A farm of 160 acres should keep 50 head of cattle, or their equivalent in some other kind of stock, as figures will show."

Dividing the farm into 70 acres of pasture, 20 acres of wheat, 20 acres of corn, 10 acres of oats and 40 acres of hay would figure out as follows: 20 acres of wheat straw at one ton per acre, 20 tons; 20 acres of corn stalks at two tons per acre, 40 tons; 10 acres of oat straw at one ton per acre, 10 tons; 40 tons of hay at two tons per acre, 80 tons; making 150 tons to be consumed as food and litter during the winter months, giving to each animal 3,200 pounds of hay, 1,600 pounds of corn stalks and 1,200 pounds of straw as food and litter. Allowing 50 bushels of shell corn per acre, we have 1,000 bushels; 350 bushels of oats, a total of 1,350 bushels or 56,000 pounds of grain, which

would give to each head a trifle less than 8 pounds of mixed oats and corn per day for 180 days. Now if the manure that is accumulated in feeding this out on the farm be carefully kept and returned back to the acres from which it was taken, you will have returned 90 per cent of the fertility that was drawn from the soil in the production of the crops, leaving only ten per cent to be replaced by clover or other fertilizer. Clover has been our chief fertilizer, and under a proper system of rotation, the fertility has not diminished, as nature has placed in the soil a rich store to be drawn out in the production of crops, and if this is exhausted there is still back a reserve force which can only be drawn out through the use of clover. When our farms become poor we sow clover, which feeds upon this reserve and transforms it into a condition to be used as food for other crops, but this is only a reserve and can be exhausted, as has been demonstrated in older farmed countries. So if we should confine ourselves entirely to wheat raising, and clover without stock, our farms in time would become as poor as the tobacco fields of the South. A better way I think would be to raise a little on the farm but what can be fed out to stock; fatten sheep that will bring the highest market price; fatten cattle that will bring 60 cents per pound, instead of 45; as when you feed for 45 you are competing with cheap lands and the large cattle ranches of the west. As has been suggested, go into the yards and buy half-fatted stock called feeders at 3 to 4 cents and sell in the spring at 6 cents. Keep more cows and establish at some central point a creamery, which will remove from the women's shoulders a heavy load and insure a grade of butter that will bring 10 to 15 cents a pound more in market. Less wheat and more stock will, I think, increase our profits and leave to posterity a soil as rich as we found it in a state of nature."

Mr. Green said he did not think farmers could afford to quit growing wheat. If we overstock our farms, pastures would be gnawed down and damaged, and their fertility would be decreased. If we want to make more money we must have diversified farming—raise a greater variety of crops and of better quality. A farmer to be successful must produce good crops as well as good stock.

Mr. English said if we farm judiciously we will not reduce the fertility of our farms even if we grow wheat altogether. He instanced the case of a field that had been sown to wheat for seventeen years, with either clover or fertilizers, and it had raised a good crop each year. Some countries had grown wheat for hundreds of years and they were still fertile. A farmer could not profitably put back on the farm all he took off; there would be no profit to him in such a system.

Mr. Russell Palmer said that the idea advanced by Mr. English that the soil is practically inexhaustible he did not think was borne out by history. Countries that centuries ago supported large populations are to-day nearly barren. He said that 75 or 80 years ago wheat was the main dependence of the farmers of Madison County, N. Y., but after about 30 years the land gave out. Then farmers turned their attention to dairying and stock raising, and the land has largely regained its fertility. He spoke of the best methods of using coarse feed stuffs, such as corn stalks and straw, on the farm. If they were taken to market they would bring little or nothing, but if fed to stock they would always bring a good deal of revenue. He did not think our farms were less fertile now, than when he came to the State, and was certain the wheat crop averaged more now than then. Thought we should change our system a little by giving more attention to dairying.

Mr. Cole was of the opinion that we could continue to raise large crops if we were only careful to put back into the soil plenty of the materials drawn from it by the crops. The trouble was that where farmers depended entirely upon clover as a fertilizer they now and then lost their catch, and had nothing to turn under. He thought a good June grass sod nearly as good as clover.

Mr. S. W. Holmes thought farmers would not make much if they put into the soil as much, or more, than they took off. They should plow less, and leave their land longer in grass. As to stock, he did not think there was much profit in growing wool and selling it at 25c per lb. If we fed the sheep all winter on grain and hay.

Mr. J. Green said he had been reckoning that if he had sold his sheep last fall, sold his hay and saved his corn until now, he would have made money. His corn crop promised very poorly this year. Got 6 1/2 cts per bush.

Mr. Hitchcock said it had been stated that the fertility of our farms was decreasing, but this he did not believe. He had not discovered it yet in anything that had come under his observation. His opinion was that if properly farmed land would become richer, not poorer. Mr. English had stated that wheat could be grown every year. He would like to know how. Mr. Green had said he made no money in feeding sheep and selling them at 6c per lb. He would like to know why, with corn at 25c per bu.

In answer to a request, Mr. R. Green, who is a most successful wheat grower, gave some of his experience with that crop. He gave the history of a piece of land of eight acres as a sample of what he had done on his farm. He cleared it 25 years ago, and sowed it to wheat. He raised three crops in the space of five years, which he sold for the sum of \$800. This paid for the land, the work of clear-

ing and caring for it, and left a profit besides. He then seeded it down. Since then he had got the stumps all out and added to the size of the field, so he could not give an exact statement as to these eight acres, but this year he had given the field containing them the first coat of manure, and expected a good crop. Forty years ago it was considered the great point to get in a large acreage; but the crops were poorly put in, and often did not return more than the seed. In the 31 crops of wheat he had raised he had got an average of 28 bushels to the acre, and that on a farm which the party who sold it to him said would not grow wheat.

Had raised as high as 45 bushels to the acre, and never less than 19 bushels. He could not understand how people at the west, on cheap land, could raise wheat better than it could be grown on dear land, provided it had been paid for. The cost was no greater, and the crop could be sold for more.

President Halladay said it was meant that if a man had a capital of ten thousand dollars it would produce him more if invested in cheap lands at the west than if he bought dear land in the older States. He agreed with Mr. Green that the land in that country had increased in fertility, but it was because it had been well fed.

Mr. Watkins said if Mr. Green went on the idea that the soil was inexhaustible, it was only a question of time when he would discover his mistake. There were farms in this State that showed the results of proceeding upon this theory. The soil was like a bank account. Drafts upon it would be honored so long as there was money to the credit of the party making them, but if he continued drawing and never returning anything, the day would come when his drafts would not be honored. Those who were farming in this way were simply living upon the capital in the soil, and it would not last forever.

Mr. J. Green said he would like to inquire why, if our soil is decreasing in fertility, we can grow larger crops now than ever before. Perhaps it was because we farmed better. He had been frequently told he would get to the time when he could not grow wheat, but he had been getting good crops right along.

Mr. Hall asked if Mr. English desired it to be understood that growing wheat would not decrease the fertility of the soil?

Mr. English replied that he did not. If wheat or any other crop was grown, the fertility of the soil was decreased to the amount taken from it by such crops, and it must be returned to the soil if your land was to be kept up.

President Halladay stated that in his opinion clover was the pivotal crop in farming. As long as we could grow clover, so long would we be able to grow good crops of wheat or anything else. Clover and plaster, with plenty of manure, would be found what was necessary.

The afternoon having passed, it was, upon motion, decided to adjourn until the last Saturday in September. The members of the club and their wives, with the visitors present, were then engaged in the discussion of a substantial lunch, set out by Mrs. Watkins, after which the party dispersed.

SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

For the Michigan Farmer.

Business at the Owosso breeding stables is lively.

A large amount of blooded stock is being brought into this county by farmers and others interested.

Mr. J. A. Armstrong has recently purchased two fine Shorthorn cows of parties in St. Clair County. Mr. A. has worked up a large trade in the poultry and dog business. His Plymouth Rocks are well known in Michigan, and the fame of his Scotch collies extends far beyond Michigan's limits. He has been making some improvement on his breeding pens and yards, and expects to carry on a large business the coming year. Well, Mr. Armstrong believes in the free use of printer's ink, and so we doubt not he will meet with deserving success.

Mr. James Wright has recently purchased four grade Holstein cows to place in his dairy. Price, \$75 each.

Messrs. Hibbard, of Bennington, are fast coming to the front rank as breeders of blooded stock. Shorthorns, Berkshires and Merinos are their favorites, and they have some good ones.

G. M. & E. O. Dewey recently lost, from brain fever, their valuable Jersey heifer, Kathrilla 12398. She was one of the most promising young Jerseys the writer has ever seen. Her loss is in part compensated by a beautiful bull calf which she dropped two weeks before her death.

Mr. N. G. Phillips, of Bancroft, has placed on his farm near that place a pair of Jerseys.

Holstein stock seems to be in demand hereabouts.

The poultry business seems to have taken hold of our citizens. Dr. Osborn has a fine brood of Wyandottes, that new and popular breed; Mr. C. C. Rowell, of Owosso township, has invested in some Cochins; G. M. Dewey has some fine Rose Combed Brown Leghorns, and E. O. Dewey has a brood of Langshans, from

the far-famed yards of R. B. Mitchell, of Chicago. Cornua parties have also been investing, and a fine display in this line is looked for at our coming fair.

Mr. Rourke, of Rush, has sold a yearling filly, by Louis Napoleon, to a gentleman at Clair, for \$300.

ANON.

NOTES FROM OHIO.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have just returned from Columbus, Ohio, where I have been attending the annual meeting of Teachers of Agriculture, held at the State University. Six professors of agriculture from Wisconsin, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New York and Michigan were present. Dr. E. L. Sturtevant, director of the New York Experimental Station, Hon. W. I. Chamberlin, Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, Waldo F. Brown, R. E. Thompson, of Springfield, editor of the *Practical Farmer and Economist*, Prof. Lazenby, director of the Ohio Experimental Station and many others were present, and participated in the discussions which were quite informal.

Prof. Roberts, of Cornell University, was elected president for the ensuing year, and Prof. Lazenby, of Ohio, Secretary.

Cornell University was selected as the place of meeting next year, and an invitation to Dr. Sturtevant to visit the Experimental Station at Geneva, N. Y., was accepted.

Wheat in Ohio is estimated about 50 per cent of last year's crop. I saw but one field out on my trip. Harvest is very late.

Corn looks very small, and many pieces have not been cultivated on account of continual wet weather. The crop report indicates a much better prospect in some parts of the State. Secretary Chamberlin estimates 85 per cent of last year's yield. The State University is pleasantly located, has commodious buildings, well equipped with facilities for illustrations and work. The farm is mostly bottom land bordering along the Olentangee river, which has overflowed this season and damaged crops to quite an extent.

The Ohio experimental Station is located on the University grounds, and Prof. Lazenby, the director, has a large acreage of experimental crops in this season. He is testing a great number of varieties of wheat and corn.

The weather continues wet and almost precludes the cultivation of corn and the making of hay.

Yours truly,
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Stock Notes.

PROF. JOHNSON, of the Agricultural College, reports the following sales from the College herd.

To George J. Townley, Springfield, Calhoun Co., bull, one year old.
To E. W. Eames, Elsie, Clinton Co., bull, one year old.
To Hon. John T. Rich, bull 3d Grand Baron 39163. This bull has stood at the head of the College herd since Oct. 1880, when he was purchased of his breeder Mr. E. Hills, of Delaware, Ohio.

MR. ABRAHAM RENICK, of Kentucky, whose fame as a Shorthorn breeder has spread over this continent and found its way across the Atlantic, proposes to sell sixty head of his celebrated Roses of Sharon on the 18th inst. These animals are all descended from the imported Bates cow Rose of Sharon, by Belvedere. The Renick Roses of Sharon contain the bluest blood of the Bates Shorthorns, and their breeder has always confined himself to this one family. When purchasing a Rose of Sharon always see if Abe Renick's name is blown in the bottle—none others are genuine.

MR. FRED C. WOOD, of Saline, has made an exchange with J. W. Dey, of Devereaux, by which Mr. Dey takes all of Mr. Wood's rams, and the latter takes Mr. Dey's breeding ewes and ewe lambs, each paying a stipulated price for the animals. The terms are private, but are said to be fully up to the average of registered sheep of first quality. Mr. Wood got 38 ewes and eight lambs by this exchange, and Mr. Dey 23 registered and 27 unregistered rams. Mr. Wood's flock now contains 112 breeding ewes and 59 spring lambs. Fifty-one of the lambs he raised himself from 53 dropped by his ewes.

Price \$425. Also Duchess of Gloster 6th (Craggs) red, calved March 5th, 1878. Price \$200.
Wm. Ball, Lucy Belle 4th (Young Mary) red, calved Jan. 4th, 1877. Price \$425.
W. E. Boyden, Lucy Belle of Longwood 3d (Young Mary), red, calved Jan. 6th, 1880. Price \$400.
Wm. Ball, Gertrude 3d (Young Mary), red, calved April 20th, 1881. Price \$300.
There were 48 animals sold for \$18,705; an average of \$389.68.

Veterinary Department.

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and his Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Parties desiring information will be required to send their full name and address to the office of the Editor. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given, the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment, if any, has been received. Private address, 301 First Street, Detroit.

Azoturia or Black Water.

ALMONT, June 23rd, 1883.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

SIR:—I had a young mare taken sick last Monday morning, as I was driving her on the road. She never looked nor apparently felt better, as she seemed full of life. When I had driven her a little over a mile she showed symptoms of being tired, and commenced trembling and sweating. I turned her around with great difficulty, being afraid she would fall down, but finally got her home. She tried to keep up in the stall, but the pain was so intense that in a few minutes she fell and never rose again. She commenced to sweat profusely, with loss of motor power in the hind quarters. Her urine was of a dark coffee color, or I may say black. Bowels constipated, pulse very small, numbering eighty beats per minute. She lived only twenty-six hours. For three hours, she was perfectly crazy with pain, but unable to rise. There had been four other cases of this same disease in the neighborhood this spring, and every one has had the same symptoms, and coming on after they had been driven from one to four miles. Would you be kind enough to give through your valuable paper, the Michigan Farmer, the name, cause and treatment of this terrible disease, also whether it is contagious or not. As there are so many opinions among the farmers about it, you will oblige
A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—From your description of the symptoms, we have no hesitation in diagnosing the disease in your mare as Azoturia, or Black Water, a disease of comparatively rare occurrence, attacking both horse and mare. It usually occurs in an animal after it has been standing in the stable for several days, liberally fed and without exercise, and is due to indigestion. The symptoms appear suddenly and without apparent cause. The worst forms appear while, or soon after driving, varying considerably in different animals. It is characterized by dark colored urine, brown or coffee colored, sometimes black; by pain and violent trembling, labored respiration, muscular spasms in the hind legs, the body bedewed with perspiration, and loss of power in hind limbs, the animal going down without power to rise. It runs its course rapidly, usually terminating in from one to three or four days, death frequently ending the suffering of the animal. Treatment. Give the following: Sootine alone, pulv., two ounces; Jamaica ginger, pulv., nitrate of potassa, pulv., of each one ounce; mix and divide into twelve powders; give one every three hours. Place the animal in a large box stall, well littered with straw. Hand rubbing of the hind quarters is beneficial.

Inversion of the Uterus in a Ewe.

UNION CITY, July 1st, '83.
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

We have a valuable Merino ewe, that cast her withers while grazing on red clover pasture, some weeks ago; have washed them out and put them back several times, but as often as we put her to graze she appears again, have to-day confined her to the stable, washed thoroughly with lukewarm water, and syringed her out with a strong decoction of alum dissolved in rain water. The withers are swollen and badly inflamed. Ewe eats well and is not greatly reduced as yet. Has a fine ram lamb by her side, some two months old. Would you take the lamb away or leave it with her? Please explain to us how sheep that are doing well apparently are thus afflicted, and give treatment. A reply at your earliest convenience would be duly appreciated.
Respectfully,
JAMES D. STUDLEY.

Answer.—Your ewe is no longer fitted for breeding purposes. The inflamed and indurated condition of the uterus, with its frequent return and expulsion, leaves it a question of doubt whether it would be policy to attempt its return again. Under the circumstances it would be better to excise the uterus by means of the caesarean, or if none are to be found in your neighborhood, a string tied tightly around its neck. The womb will slough off in two or three days. In the ewe, when properly performed, there is little danger attending the operation, and the animal will speedily recover its former health and condition. We infer from your statement that the animal's health has been but little affected. Under such circumstances, it would not be necessary
(Continued on eighth page.)

THE MICHIGAN FARMER.

State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

Terms, in Advance.

Subscriptions, \$1.00 Per Year.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

44 Larned Street, West, (Post and Tribune Building), Detroit, Mich.

*Subscribers remitting money to this office would confer a favor by having their letters legible, or procuring a money order, otherwise we cannot be responsible for the money.

P. B. BROMFIELD,

Manager of Eastern Office,

150 Nassau St., New York.

The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1883.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market

the past week were 22,900 bu., and the ship-

ments were 74,762. The stocks now held in

this city amount to 732,041 bu., against

738,078 last week, and 124,068 the correspond-

ing week in 1882. The visible supply of

this grain on June 30 was 19,418,915 bu.,

against 20,240,434 bu. the previous week,

and 10,555,446 bu. at the corresponding date

in 1882. This shows a decrease from the

amount in sight the previous week of

831,519 bu. The exports for Europe for the

week were 966,346 bu., against 683,-

562 bu. the previous week, and for the

past eight weeks 6,044,821 bu., against 4,-

761,612 for the corresponding eight weeks

in 1882.

The market has recovered somewhat

from the depression of ten days ago, but

is still anything but firm or active. Receipts

have dropped to very small proportions, but apparently all that is need-

ed. We do not look for any activity in

wheat until the outcome of the new crop

has been fully decided, and upon its re-

sults will depend of course the price

which the stocks now on hand as well as

the new crop will realize. Dealers are

therefore not at all anxious to invest their

money, and business is confined entirely

to the immediate wants of the trade. Stocks

are still large for this time of the year.

Yesterday the market was dull and

slow, and under the influence of unfavor-

able reports from Chicago the market

declined 1 1/2c per bu. on spot No. 1.

The following table exhibits the daily

closing prices of wheat from June 15th

to July 9th:

No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5
1.08	1.07	1.06	1.05	1.04
1.03	1.02	1.01	1.00	0.99
0.98	0.97	0.96	0.95	0.94
0.93	0.92	0.91	0.90	0.89
0.88	0.87	0.86	0.85	0.84
0.83	0.82	0.81	0.80	0.79
0.78	0.77	0.76	0.75	0.74
0.73	0.72	0.71	0.70	0.69
0.68	0.67	0.66	0.65	0.64
0.63	0.62	0.61	0.60	0.59
0.58	0.57	0.56	0.55	0.54
0.53	0.52	0.51	0.50	0.49
0.48	0.47	0.46	0.45	0.44
0.43	0.42	0.41	0.40	0.39
0.38	0.37	0.36	0.35	0.34
0.33	0.32	0.31	0.30	0.29
0.28	0.27	0.26	0.25	0.24
0.23	0.22	0.21	0.20	0.19
0.18	0.17	0.16	0.15	0.14
0.13	0.12	0.11	0.10	0.09
0.08	0.07	0.06	0.05	0.04
0.03	0.02	0.01	0.00	0.00

Rejected wheat sold yesterday at 7 1/2c per bu.,

one week previous at 7 1/2c per bu.

Futures were very quiet, but little done

in any of the deals. Nothing was done

in July wheat, which was entirely

neglected. The following table gives the

closing prices of the various deals each

day during the past week:

Tuesday	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
1.08	1.07	1.06	1.05	1.04
1.03	1.02	1.01	1.00	0.99
0.98	0.97	0.96	0.95	0.94
0.93	0.92	0.91	0.90	0.89
0.88	0.87	0.86	0.85	0.84
0.83	0.82	0.81	0.80	0.79
0.78	0.77	0.76	0.75	0.74
0.73	0.72	0.71	0.70	0.69
0.68	0.67	0.66	0.65	0.64
0.63	0.62	0.61	0.60	0.59
0.58	0.57	0.56	0.55	0.54
0.53	0.52	0.51	0.50	0.49
0.48	0.47	0.46	0.45	0.44
0.43	0.42	0.41	0.40	0.39
0.38	0.37	0.36	0.35	0.34
0.33	0.32	0.31	0.30	0.29
0.28	0.27	0.26	0.25	0.24
0.23	0.22	0.21	0.20	0.19
0.18	0.17	0.16	0.15	0.14
0.13	0.12	0.11	0.10	0.09
0.08	0.07	0.06	0.05	0.04
0.03	0.02	0.01	0.00	0.00

The press contains column after column

of the most contradictory reports in re-

gard to the new crop, and it would puzzle

the most expert calculator after reading

them over to form anything of an opinion

of what the crop is likely to be. The

winter wheat crop in the United States

will be considerably deficient when com-

pared with the fine crop of 1882, but the

output has now better promise than a

month ago. The deficiency may be fifty

millions to eighty millions bushels. The

spring wheat crop has good promise, with

an expected output estimated by some as

high as 130,000,000 bushels, against 115,-

000,000 bushels in 1882. The wheat crop

of the Pacific Coast will be large. The

Canada wheat crop does not promise so

well as last year. The winter wheat crop

of 1883 is 386,472,900 bushels. The

estimated acreage of the winter wheat

crop of 1883 is 27,784,200 acres, including

3,889,000 for California and Oregon. It is

yet to be determined how much of this

area has been winter-killed and plowed

up. The estimate has been recently made

as high as one million acres. The Cin-

cinnati Price Current estimates the crop

of this State at 29,000,000, which is from

four to five millions too high. In the case

of Illinois and Ohio it is equally as much

off the mark.

Recent reports to the London Daily

News say:

"The inhabitants of various Russian

Provinces are agitated at the declining

progress of the plague of locusts. In

telligence from the government of Chark-

off that in that district the locust are

swarming over and utterly destroying the

crops of a fertile tract of 50,000 acres

also in the district of Novokaporsky in

the government of Voronezhskii and in

the neighborhood of Taganrog, the same

frank destruction of crops is going on.

Energetic measures are being taken. From

Borisogleb the intelligence is lament-

able. The locusts in this tract are ravag-

ing some 70,000 acres. Six thousand

soldiers were sent to crush out the

locusts."

The following table shows the prices

of various articles in this market:

July 9, per cental

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feeling is growing that the safest plan ap-

parent is a gradual shading until a ship-

ping place can be reached. Advice from

the country report the product large

in all sections, and everything favorable

for a continuation."

The exports of butter from American

ports for the week ending June 30 were

414,348 lbs., against 391,102 lbs. the

previous week, and 524,083 lbs. two weeks

previous.

Cheese has ruled dull and heavy, al-

though quotations on choice State makes

are unchanged. For the choicest full

cream State 1 1/2c is paid, and for the se-

cond quality 1 1/4c. Ohio cheese is

selling to some extent at 1 1/4c to 1 1/2c, and

some choice New York at 1 1/4c to 1 1/2c.

The Chicago market is also dull, with the out-

look unpromising. Quotations there are

as follows: Full cream cheddars, 1 1/2c,

90/90; full cream flats, 1 1/4c to 1 1/2c;

slightly skimmed, 5/6c; common to fair

skims, 1/2c to 3/4c; low grades, 1/3c to 1/2c.

In New York the feeling in the trade is

one of depression. The only stock 1/2c

maintains its position with any degree of

firmness is the very choicest, entirely free

from the slightest blemish in either make,

flavor or color. Other grades are weak,

and buyers generally manage to secure

concessions. Quotations in that market

Three were killed, two wounded, and eight are at large. No officers were wounded.

The editor of *Times*, Mr. Knox, has challenged the sculptor D. B. Sheahan, to a duel because of a quarrel at the supper table in which Sheahan insulted Knox and a guest of his.

Henry Wickes, an aged Albany lawyer, has embezzled about \$50,000 of trust funds and money collected as attorney of Mrs. Catherine W. Van Rensselaer, of Greenbush, N. Y.

Bateman & Smith, dealers in hats, caps, etc., at Toledo failed last week, and their establishment was closed by the sheriff. The liabilities of the firm are about \$15,000; assets, \$2,500.

A mill owned by Bleak & Co., at Amesbury, Mass., was struck by lightning and burned last week, a loss of \$100,000. Two hundred hands are thrown out of employment.

The Fourth seemed an unusually bad day for the bishops. Archbishop Purcell of Ohio, and Bishop McMillen, of Iowa, Catholic, and Bishop Plunkett, of Maryland, Episcopal, died on that day.

One of the largest trestles in the country has just been completed on the Pittsburgh Southern railroad at the mouth of the Erie creek. It is nearly 900 feet long and 80 feet high at the highest point.

Albert Bunker, a commercial traveler belonging at Hamilton, cut his throat on the railroad track near Scarborough, and then threw himself under an approaching train. He died two hours later.

Kelly's saw mill, near Huntsville, Ala., run by convict labor, was the scene of a boiler explosion last week. Four men were killed and eight injured through the carelessness of the colored engineer.

Prof. Owens, who made a balloon ascension from Kookuk, Ia., on the 4th, is supposed to have lost his life. His balloon has been recovered near New Brunswick, Ill., but nothing is known of the aeronaut.

The umpire appointed to settle grievances between operators and miners in the coal business "split the difference" between the claims of the two parties, his decision being accepted by all.

Sixteen persons were fatally wounded by pistols in Chicago on the 4th. The list of injured reaches 40. One man was so severely injured by a pistol shot in the head that he died before he could be taken to the hospital.

H. H. Ludlum attempted a balloon ascension at Montrose, Pa., on the 4th, and when about 40 feet in the air the trapeze rope caught in a tree, throwing the aeronaut to the ground. His injuries are expected to be fatal.

At Skipton, Miss., last week, a hunter named Jamison placed the muzzle of a gun at his side, and then ordered his son, aged seven years, to pull the trigger, under threat of death for refusal. The lad obeyed and the father is dead.

The United States attorney general has decided that the fact that a lottery is recognized by a State as legal does not lessen the responsibility of the government in the premises. It is therefore probable that the Louisiana lottery will soon cease to exist.

Mayor Arnot, of Elmira, N. Y., and his aids were last week arrested for tearing up rails on the D. & W. road, newly laid in that city. It is an outcome of one of the usual contentions between railroads and the relative to increase facilities for the former.

At South Raritan, N. J., riotous miners forced F. M. Cazin, mine superintendent, to leave town and threaten to burn all mine property if wages are not paid. The miners are now gathered in numbers of thousands in anticipation of a riot, in which they propose to have a hand.

The creditors of McGeoch, Everingham & Co., the Chicago real estate firm which melted recently, have been offered 50 cents on the dollar, payable within ten days, if they will sign an agreement accepting it as a settlement in full, and release the company's property now attached.

The Chicago street railway charters expire this year, and the city will have a right to purchase the roads at appraised value. The latter, however, offer to pay an annual license of \$20 per car on condition of renewed charter for 20 years, and such proposition is now being considered by the city council.

At Erie, Pa., on the 4th, Albert and Frank Kuhn, clerks, were both drunk in a street car, when Albert saw a young girl carrying these pieces of silver, and he and his brother, who were nine years, playing on the sidewalk, and fired a revolver at her, killing her instantly. He claims he thought it loaded with blank cartridges. Seeing that his brother had done, Frank went and hanged himself.

During a heavy storm lately and while guides were showing a large party through the Luray caverns, Virginia, the lightning struck one of the electric light wires and was carried into the caves, where it ran over the wires from one end to the other. The electric light globe was shattered into fragments, and the lightning gathered into big balls along the wires and exploded with loud reports.

Mr. Preston, acting director of the United States mint, says that under the act which authorized the coining of trade dollars these pieces were coined for the purpose of being used at the mints and a charge imposed for coining at a rate not to exceed the actual cost to the government of making the pieces. They are not issued or paid out by the government in payment of obligations or exchange for other money, and Congress must fix the rate at which they shall be redeemed.

Foreign.

The Duke of Marlborough died at London last week.

Late despatches from Alexandria state the cholera is increasing hourly. On the 5th there were 111 deaths at Damietta.

A man named Nelson, arrested at Copenhagen for arson, has confessed that he started the great fire at the Victoria docks, in London, in 1861.

All the Catholic bishops of Ireland have assented to resolutions condemning the action of the government in "assisting" paupers to emigrate to the United States.

On the 4th the elevator of a factory in the little town of Milan, in Volga land District, fell, slightly injuring the King of Saxony, and killing the Governor of the District and the manager of the factory.

Ten thousand striking iron-workers in Staffordshire, Eng., last week visited various furnaces where men were still at work and quenched the fires, the force of police being insufficient to prevent them. Later several of the ringleaders were arrested.

At the launch of the new steamer *Daphne* at Renfrew, on the Clyde, five miles from Glasgow, Scotland, the vessel, when she left the ways, turned completely overboard, and the deck company into the river and imprisoning many under her. She filled with water through the port-holes and keel. Eighty bodies have been recovered from the wreck and it is believed not less than 150 persons met their death.

A Delicious Appetizer.

That ensures digestion and enjoyment of food; a tonic that brings strength to the weak and rest to the nervous; a harmless diarrhea cure that don't constipate—just what every family needs—Parker's Ginger Tonic.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MICHIGAN FEMALE SEMINARY.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.

Location delightful; school on Mt. Holyoke plan; influence Christian but not sectarian. Fine library, cabinet, telescope and musical instruments. Fall term begins Sept. 26, 1883. For catalogue address MISS M. H. SPAGUE, Principal, Kalamazoo.

MICHIGAN STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The College year begins September 4th, 1883. Examinations at 9 A. M.

The course of instruction has been so arranged as to have lectures in viticulture throughout the year. The college has a full corps of competent Professors and ample facilities for instruction in the practical branches.

Send for catalogue to J. H. BAIRD, Secretary.

SITUATION WANTED as an Engineer, would prefer to run a third class engine. Has ten years experience. Address ALBERT CORRY, Michigan Farmer Office.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

YOUNG MEN & WOMEN SHOULD ATTEND

Parsons BUSINESS COLLEGE
Kalamazoo, Mich.
Send for Journal.

FOR SALE.

Owing to the death of the late Andrew H. Cutler, all his real and personal property is offered for sale very low to close up the estate. It consists of a very fine stock and grain farm of 540 acres in Concord, Jackson County, Mich.; a farm of 60 acres in Spring Arbor, Jackson Co., Mich.; two stallions, Joe Barker and Manfredo Waxy, and several very fine colts out of Black Cloud, Hamlet and other good horses; besides some very fine cattle and sheep. The farms will be sold on long time with small cash payment down if desired. For further particulars apply to

MR. A. H. CUTLER, Parma, Mich.
or C. C. BLOOMFIELD, Jackson, Mich.

Forty-fifth Quarterly Report
of the Condition of the

Wayne County Savings Bank.
OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

At the commencement of business, July 2, 1883.

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid up.....\$ 150,000 00
Reserve fund.....\$ 3,500,790 84
Interest, premiums, exchange and
rent account.....145,174 87

RESOURCES.
Cash in vault and on deposit in other
banks, subject to demand.....\$ 703,159 14
Loans secured by collateral.....1,472,239 28
Loans secured on uncollateralized real
estate.....902,890 08
Bonds—United States, School and other
municipal bonds (market value \$565,000).....650,400 74
Current expense account, including
governments and other taxes.....6,701 67
Furniture, safes and fixtures.....4,225 12
Collections in transit.....1,823 98
Banking house and lot.....110,000 00

RESOURCES.
Total.....\$3,855,964 61
I do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
S. D. ELWOOD, Treasurer.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this second day of July, 1883.
C. F. COLLINS, Notary Public.

N. B.—Money to loan in sums of \$200 to \$10,000, on satisfactory securities, at current rates of interest. All applications in person or by letter will have immediate attention.
S. D. ELWOOD, Treasurer.

When in Detroit and Looking for

CARPETS, CURTAINS

—OR—
Furniture Coverings

ABBOT & KETCHUM,

have the Largest Stock and Best Variety in the State.

A special purchase of

LACE CURTAINS,

3½ yards long, from \$1.35 per pair worth \$2.00 per pair.

Agents for the "STANDARD" and "AU-RORE" Carpet Sweepers.

Abbot & Ketchum

141 Woodward Avenue,

DETROIT, MICH.

JERSEYS!

RIVERSIDE PARK FARM,

situated near Kalamazoo, a village on the Mackinac Division of the M. C. R. R., four miles north of Bay City, Mich.

This choice herd numbering nearly forty, is headed by a champion bull, the sire of the champion bull Farmer's No. 6367. First Prize at Michigan State Fair in 1882, in yearling class. The sire of the champion bull Farmer's No. 6367, is the sire of the champion bull Farmer's No. 6367, is the sire of the champion bull Farmer's No. 6367.

Orders are now taken for some of his bull calves to come. Some choice animals for sale. Visited by the Michigan State Fair, Detroit, or J. P. MULDRAGH, Manager, Kalamazoo, Mich.

RENICK ROSES OF SHARON

—AT—
PUBLIC SALE

—ON—
WEDNESDAY JULY 18, '83

I will sell at public auction on my farm, six miles from Winchester, Ky., sixty head of Shorthorns, all bred by myself, and all descended from the celebrated cow imp. Rose of Sharon by Eclipse.

The success of this herd in the show rings in Kentucky and other States, the number of herds that are headed by Rose of Sharon bulls, and the large number of females that have been exported to distinguished breeders in England and Scotland attest its appreciation by the public.

The portion of my herd offered consists of young and desirable animals constituting his choice and bloom.

TWENTY YOUNG COWS.
With calves by the side of or calf, twelve two-year-old heifers; twenty yearling heifers and yearling calves, embracing all the females dropped the past year. 3 aged bulls and seven bull calves, all Roses of Sharon, will also be sold.

Catalogues will be ready by June 1st, and can be had on application to P. C. KERN, Lexington, Ky., or myself at Clintonville, Ky.

ABRAM RENICK,

PIC Extricator to aid animals in giving birth. Send for circular to WM. DULIN, Ayova, Polawatamie Co., Iowa.

ENSLAUGH CONGRESS PROCEEDINGS, 1882 and 1883. 50c. each. N.Y. Flow Co., 14 Beekman St., N.Y.

\$250 MONTH. Agents wanted 90 best seed corn. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

SEED

FOR 1883.

will be mailed free to all applicants. Invaluable to all farmers and gardeners.

CATALOGUE OF DUTCH BULBS.
Flowering Roots and Choice Winter Wheat, ready for mailing August 15th. Send for it.

TURNIP SEEDS, new crop ready in July. Write for prices.

D. M. FERRY & CO.,
Detroit, Mich.

MAILED FREE.
Our Annual Illustrated Spring Catalogue of SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS & FLOWERS SUPPLIES. Address

MICHIGAN SEED CO.,
211 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

"OVER THE GARDEN WALL" and 100 other Choice Songs and Ballads words and music for 10c. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N.Y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



THE "BUCKEYE" SPRING-TOOTH CULTIVATOR.

FOUR COMPLETE MACHINES IN ONE!
First: Beats any Cultivator made for Corn. Second: Will work a harder Summer Fallow than any Fallow Cultivator. Third: Will wear up less Sods than any Floating Harrow. Fourth: Is a first-class Broadcast Seeder.

E. P. BURRALL, State Agent, Jackson, Michigan.

NEW STYLE BUCKEYE FORCE PUMP

Works easy and throws a constant stream. Has Porcelain Lined and Brass Cylinders. Is easily set. Is the Cheapest and Best Force Pump in the world for Deep or Shallow Wells.

Thousands in use in every part of the United States. Never freezes in winter. Send for Circular and Test. Giving depth of well.

MAST, FOOS & CO.,
Manufacturers,
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

NEW RUMBLE SEPARATOR.

New Principle. Nothing like it. Best Made. The Rumble Separator. Plain, Portable and Stiff. Excellent in Simplicity, Durability, Construction, Power and Economy. Use of Fuel. Full Assortment of Sizes. Mounted and Down Horse Powers, etc. Don't buy until you have seen the Rumble Separator. Superior to all other goods. Warranted best made. Catalogue free. Address, **M. W. ERELY, La Porte, Ind.**

Kidder's Slide Door Hanger.

It does away with the iron track, and is the only hanger that cannot be thrown off the track.

Thereby obviating the great difficulty that has heretofore existed with all other Hangers. It is stronger and less liable to break, runs easily and will not get out of order.

The Kidder Slide Door Hanger Co., Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers. Address all orders to **B. J. FLUMMERFELT, Mgr., Romeo, Mich.**

Peninsular Steam Heat FRUIT DRIER.

FOR FACTORY USE.

Eclipses All Others.

NEW PROCESS.

Write for Descriptive Pamphlet, address **GRANGER & SIBLEY, Armada, Mich.**

A No. 1 Farm For Sale

The farm owned by the late Abel Beers, in Bennington, Shawssee Co., Mich., 8½ miles south of Owosso, 4 miles north of Perry, a station on the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railroad. The farm consists of 280 acres of first class farm land, 250 acres of wood on the ground, 120 acres seeded down. Near school and church. For particulars apply on the premises or address

MRS. CATHARINE R. BEERS,
Pittsburg, Shawsee Co., Mich.

Desirable Farm For Sale.

The "Mission Farm," adjoining the village of Mr. Pleasant, Mich., consisting of 160 acres, can be purchased on easy terms. There are 120 acres improved; well fenced and underlaid; good buildings; fine fruit and splendid water in abundance. Within half a mile of depot renders it very desirable for a home. Stock, fruit, garden or grain farm. Information can be obtained at the farm or of

GEO. A. BAKER, Saginaw Mich.

SEED

FOR 1883.

will be mailed free to all applicants. Invaluable to all farmers and gardeners.

CATALOGUE OF DUTCH BULBS.
Flowering Roots and Choice Winter Wheat, ready for mailing August 15th. Send for it.

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"OVER THE GARDEN WALL" and 100 other Choice Songs and Ballads words and music for 10c. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N.Y.

SUMMER SERIES Kentucky Shorthorn Sales

JULY 23d, The Hamiltons, Mt. Sterling, Ky., will sell at Lexington, Ky., 50 head choice Shorthorns of the following families: Renick Roses of Sharon, Flat Creek Marys, Josephines, Gentle Annie Phyllises and Flat Creek Marys, topped with the very purest and best Bates sires.

JULY 24th, Messrs. Estill & Hamilton, Lexington, Ky., will sell about 60 head of well-bred Shorthorns of the following families: Renick Roses of Sharon, Flat Creek Marys, Josephines, Gentle Annie Phyllises, Goodnesses, etc. These cattle are the get of the Bates and Rose of Sharon bulls 4th Duke of Geneva, Grand Duke of Geneva, Barrington Duke, Barrington Duke 3d, 14th Duke of Sharon, Duke Ranock, and 3d Duke of Flat Creek, and embrace the entire partnership herd. These cattle are young, healthy, regular breeders, mostly red and good individuals.

JULY 25th, J. V. Grigsby and Robinson Bros. will sell at Winchester, Ky., 60 head of choice cattle, mostly Shorthorns, including 32 head of highly bred pure Bates Princesses to be found. The owner thinks this at least a good lot of Bates cattle individually as he ever saw offered for sale. Robinson Bros. will sell 40 head, the pick of their herd, including 7463 2d Duke of Barrington and his very superior calves. Our cattle are young and fine and highly bred—Barringtons, Periss, Miss, Wileys, Victorians, Bates-topped Marys, Phyllises, Rose of Sharon, Josephines, etc.

JULY 26th, Messrs. B. A. & J. T. Tracy and W. D. Thomson will sell at Winchester, Ky., over 50 head of highly-bred Shorthorns, including 32 head of highly-bred topped Young Marys, some of them having six and eight Bates tops. Two bulls of this family are second to none in the country, either in breeding or individual merit. Seventeen Young Phyllises and Josephines by the same Bates sires, also some Bates cattle of the Craggs sort, and highly Bates-topped families that will commend themselves to the admirers of Bates blood.

JULY 27th, Col. Wm. M. Irvine, Richmond, Ky., will sell 54 head, his entire valuable herd of Shorthorns, Young Marys, Georgians, Mason Victorians, Tins, Lady Carlines by Newtonian, White Roses by Publicola, Cleopatra, etc. His herd has all been bred by himself, reared in the open fields summer and winter, and in most instances he has bred their dams. If not sold privately before he will sell 50 head of highly bred Southdown sheep, also two blue grass farms, one 200 acre tract, the other 300 acres.

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Poetry.

HOW THE WOMEN WENT FROM DO-
VER-1882.

The toiling spray of Cocho's fall
Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,
As through Dover town in the chill, gray dawn,
Three women passed at the cart-drawn.

By the meeting house in Salisbury town
The sufferers stood in the red sun-drown,
Bare for the lash. O pitying Night,
Drop swift thy curtains and hide the sight.

With shame in his eye and wrath on his lip,
The Salisbury constable dropped his whip,
"This warrant means murder foul and red;
Cursed is he who serves it," he said.

"Show me the order, and meanwhile strike
A blow at your peril," said Justice Pike.
Of all the rulers the land possessed,
Wise and holdest was he, and best.

He scoffed at witchcraft; the priest he met
As man meets man; his feet he set
Beyond his dark age, standing upright,
Soul-free, with his face to the morning light.

He read the warrant: "These convey
From our precincts; at every town on the way
Give each ten lashes." "God judge the brute.
I tread his order under my foot."

"Cut loose these poor ones and let them go;
Come what will of it, all men shall know
No warrant is good though backed by the Crown,
For whipping women in Salisbury town."

The hearts of the villagers, half released
From creed of terror and rule of priest,
By a primal instinct owned the right
Of human pity in law's despite.

For ruth and chivalry only slept,
His Saxon manhood the yeoman kept;
Quicker or slower, the same blood ran
In the Cavalier and the Puritan.

The Quakers sank on their knees in praise
And thanks. A last low ender and dawn,
Flashed out from under a cloud, and shed
A golden glory on each bowed head.

The tale is one of an evil time,
When souls were fettered and thought was crime,
And heresy's whisper and thought's breath
Meant shameful scourging and bonds and death.

What marvel, that hunted and sorely tried,
Even woman rebuked and prophesied,
And soft words rarely answered back
The grim persuasion of whip and rack?

If her cry from the whipping post and jail
Pierced sharp as the Kenite's driven nail,
O woman, at ease in these happier days,
Forebear to judge of thy sister's ways.

How much thy beautiful life may owe
To her faith and courage thou canst not know,
Nor how from the paths of their calm retreat
She smoothed the thorns with her bleeding feet.

NOBLENESS OBLIGE.

I hold it the duty of one who is gifted,
And royally dowered in all men's sight,
To know no rest till his life is lifted
Fully up to his great gift's height.

He must mould the man into rare completeness,
For gems are set only in gold refined;
He must fashion his thoughts into perfect sweet-
ness.

And cast out folly and pride from his mind.
For he who drinks from a god's gold chalice
Of art or music or rhythmic song,
Must sift from his soul the chaff of malice,

And weed from his heart the roots of wrong.
For I think the wrath of an outraged heaven
Should fall on the chosen and dowered soul
That allows a lump of selfish leaven,
By slow fermenting, to spoil the whole.

Great gifts should be worn like a crown befitting,
And not like gems on a beggar's hands;
And the toll must be constant and unrelenting,
That lifts up the king to the crown's demands.

—Ella Wheeler.

Miscellaneous.

"THE END OF THE RAINBOW."

BY L. B. COCROFT.

"Oh!" cried Molly. It was a big round
"O," or would have been, in print. As it
was, her brown eyes opened wide by way
of emphasis, and her tiny figure grew an
inch taller, as she craned her neck and
stretched herself on tiptoe to look out of
the window.

Elsie, sitting on the floor deep in a fairy
tale, was roused to something like interest
by that long-drawn breath of wonder and
delight.

"What is it, Molly?" she queried, with a
little air of condescension. Elsie, he it
understood, was seven years old—seven,
going on eight, she would have told you
—while Molly was not yet six.

Finding that her sister was too absorbed
to answer, Elsie, after vainly repeating
her question, was obliged to drop her
book and run, in her turn, to the window
to satisfy her curiosity.

"A rainbow! Is that all?" she said, dis-
dainfully.

"One," corrected Molly.

"Free, two, three—why, so there is! Hester! Hester! come here to see three rainbows!"

"Sister's busy; she always is," murmured Molly; and Hester Kingsley, the elder sister, a girl of nineteen or twenty, called from the next room.

"Sister is busy, dearie. Wait a little while."

"She is going to Mrs. Rogers to give Miss Amy her music lesson," said Elsie.

"When she comes home again we'll have our tea, and then Hester will talk to us till bed-time, if we like."

Molly nodded. "I don't like sister to be busy," she said, sorrowfully.

Elsie smiled superior. "You can't understand, Molly, 'cause you are only a little girl. Sister has to be very busy now 'cause we're poor. Some speculators got all our money."

"What's a speculator?" queried Molly.

"Speculator," corrected Elsie. "It's—oh, something like an alligator, I guess, only bigger and wickeder."

"Lallagers eat little boys and girls," said Molly, sinking her voice to a whisper.

Elsie shrugged her small shoulders.

"That's nothing," she retorted. "The speculators are up everything, our house and all. I heard Judge Curry tell Hester about it. We had a nice house, Molly."

Molly sighed. "Big," she said, briefly.

"And sister had pretty things too."

"Was we rich?" she inquired, dreamily. "Awful!" returned Elsie.

"How rich?"

"Oh, I don't know. A hundred dollars, I shouldn't wonder."

Hester, coming into the room at that moment, caught the last words, and laughed. Both little girls looked up at the sound, and with one accord cast themselves upon her, recklessly regardless of her fresh muslin gown. Hester had spent two weary hours doing up that gown that very morning.

"Sister, don't stay long," pleaded Molly's baby voice.

"I shall be home early, my pet," said "sister," cheerily, as she stopped to give each wistful little face a loving kiss.

"There! Be good children; don't go near the well, and don't meddle with the fire."

"No, sister."

"And, Elsie—"

"Yes!" said Elsie, promptly, divining that there was a treat in store.

"—when the clock strikes five go into the bedroom and look on the bureau for a brown paper bag. There are two cakes in it."

"For Molly and me? Did you have one too, sister?"

"I'm too big to eat cake," said Hester, gayly, smiling as the sunshine broke over the two little upturned faces. And all for a penny bun! Thinking what her own childhood had been, Hester gave an impatient sigh. Poor children! it was hard.

"And it will be worse as they grow older and need more," she thought, sadly.

"What is to become of them, with only me to look to, when every door seems shut against me—I who had so many friends a year ago?"

But last year's friends were like last year's snow-flakes—gone. Poor Hester had found that out long ago.

"If only the children didn't grow so fast," she murmured to herself as she walked slowly down the village street, revolving in her mind various plans by which five dollars might be made to do the work of ten.

Her own shoes were past patching, and Elsie's were not much better. Molly's stockings were in rags, and her frocks were far above her knees. Then there was the rent to pay, and a bill at the grocer's besides. Miss Kingsley had not been taught in earlier days to count dollars and cents very carefully, and the gift of so doing is one that comes to few women by nature.

Elsie stood in the doorway watching her sister till the last fluttering fold of the white gown disappeared. Then she turned to the rainbow again, and for the space of five minutes studied it silently and intently.

"Molly," she whispered, presently, "I'm going to do something for Hester."

"What is it?" asked Molly, puzzled by all this mystery. "Why don't you speak out loud? Anybody isn't here."

"You mean 'nobody,'" corrected Elsie. "Somebody might be listening to us down there behind that lilac bush. Bend your head close to me, and I'll whisper. I'm going to go and get a whole pile of money for Hester, so she needn't ever be poor any more."

"But, Elsie, where?"

"Right over there," returned Elsie, calmly. "Didn't you ever hear about the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow? Lots of little girls have found it. The fairies put it there for them."

"For good children," corrected Molly.

True enough! Elsie stood confounded for a moment, gazing in mute distress at her sister. Then suddenly her face brightened again.

"Hester's good, anyway, and it's all for her," she said, triumphantly.

The argument was conclusive. Molly silently put on her hat; Elsie donned hers, and likewise provided herself with a little round basket in which to bring home the spoils.

"Hurry," she said, briefly, when they were safely outside the gate, and Molly, always obedient, quickened her steps to a run, which soon brought the little travellers to the end of the village.

"How far must we go?" panted Molly, when they came at last, breathless, to a pause.

"On the top of Scabble Hill," returned Elsie, calmly. She had taken her bearings as she stood in the kitchen doorway, and knew exactly where she was going. That Scabble Hill was seven miles away was a trifling detail that she scorned to take into consideration.

"Oh! Molly was beginning, forlornly, but just at that moment a farm wagon came lumbering up behind them.

"Holla!" said the driver, reining in his horses. He had children of his own at home, and the sight of those two little figures toiling up the dusty road in the glare of an August sun touched his kind heart.

Molly hung her head shyly, but Elsie dropped a quaint little courtesy, and then looked up, silently expectant.

"Goin' up the hill, be ye? Wa'al, I reckon ye'd better jump in. Here, little one. That's it. Git up, you lazy critters!" This last to the horses, which showed small inclination to stir.

If Hester could have seen the pace at which her two little sisters were carried from her and home!

Truth to tell, they enjoyed it vastly. Rides of any kind were few and far between, and a ride in a farm wagon was bliss unspeakable. It seemed all too soon when they came in sight of a huge boulder familiarly known to the villagers as Orr's Rock. Elsie, standing in the kitchen doorway, had fixed upon this rock as a landmark quite within reasonable walking distance of the top of Scabble Hill. Here accordingly she signified her desire to alight, and the farmer lifted his two little passengers to the ground.

"Goin' to Orr's, be they?" he ruminated. "Come to think of it, Jem Baker was saying he heard they'd taken in some city folks for a spell. Wonder if they let them two youngsters go marching round this way down to York? If it don't beat all how keener some folks is of their children!"

Elsie had told no fibs, but it will be seen that she had kept discreetly silent regarding the object of her journey.

"Come along," she said, encouragingly to Molly. "It isn't far now. Only over

this field, and down that hill, and up the other one—and then home."

It was too late to protest. Molly surrendered her hand to Elsie's keeping, and after climbing the rail fence and crossing the field, the two plunged valiantly into the darkness of the thick pine woods.

Down the hill went the two small Argonauts, making very fair progress at first. Had Elsie but known it, she might have spared her pains, for she was wandering, not toward the top of old Scabble, but simply to the shore of the little lake which lay between the hills. As it was, she plodded on in happy ignorance, slipping here and stumbling there, scratching her hands and tearing her skirts, but through it all uplifted for a time beyond the reach of pain or weariness by the thought that she was toiling for Hester, her own dear Hester, who had to work so hard to provide her motherless little sisters with their daily bread.

But an hour spent in this way served to tire the little wanderers completely. Another half-hour, and poor Molly's courage ebbed low. "Elsie," she said, plaintively, "isn't it 'most time to be there? Oh, Elsie, the sun's all gone away, and it's dark! I want to go home; I want my supper. I've got a headache in my foot, and I can't walk any more."

Elsie herself was thoroughly tired of scrambling, but she could not give up all prospect of the pot of gold without a further struggle.

"Just a teeny little way further," she urged; but poor Molly could go no further, not even a little way.

"I want to go to sister," she sobbed forlornly. "Oh, Elsie, we're lost!"

Poor Elsie knew it. "I'm 'fraid we are," she owned, sorrowfully, doing her best to steady her quivering voice, for was not she the elder sister, the "big girl," whose place it was to comfort poor Molly?

In vain; the dusk was deepening, and she too was hungry and frightened and tired. She sat down on the ground, put her arms around her little sister, and let the sobs come fast.

"I want my supper!" Molly wailed again.

Elsie checked her sobs long enough to search for a diminutive pocket, and spread its contents on the ground. There was a dolly's broken arm, a four-leaved clover, the stub of a pencil, two shoe buttons, and a bit of string. The display was not appetizing, and Molly, who had stopped sobbing in the hope of seeing a cracker appear, burst out afresh. "I want my supper; I'm 'tarved, Elsie."

"Starved!" Elsie had never thought of that. Would they have to stay there all alone in those awful woods till they died of thirst and hunger? Or, perhaps, might not a big bear find them, and gobble them up at a mouthful? There were bears in the woods, no doubt, not to speak of lions and tigers, and giants and wicked ogres, who were worst of all.

"Molly," she said, pattingly, "let's say our prayers; and Molly, between her sobs, managed at last to murmur her evening 'Now I lay me,' the only prayer she knew.

"Now you hear me," began Elsie; but Molly, kneeling at her sister's knee, as she knelt every night at Hester's, again set up a bitter wail for her lost sister.

"I want to go to sister!" she was reiterating, when suddenly a crashing sound was heard, as of somebody plunging through the bushes. Was it a bear or an ogre? Both children were silent from excess of terror, only Molly now and again gave a shuddering sob as she knelt with both hands clutching Elsie, and her face buried in her sister's lap.

"Holla! Holla there!" came a shout; "where are you? Can't you speak?"

Speak to an ogre, indeed! Elsie knew better than that. But the ogre, whoever he was, bore steadily down upon them, and in another five minutes, with a final reckless plunge, a tall gray figure burst through the bushes, and stood beside the children. Elsie screamed and threw her arms around Molly. The new-comer stopped short, surveying them in amused perplexity.

"Two babies! How in the name of wonder did you come here?"

The voice sounded kind and gentle enough, and Molly shyly raised her golden head to peep at the tall stranger, who, bending over her, had put a firm, kind hand upon her shoulder.

"I'll not hurt you," he said, reassuringly. "Only you may stop sobbing, if you please. So; that is better. Now tell me your name and where you live. Don't you know those little girl you are?"

Yes, Molly did know that much. "Sis—sis—sisters," she sobbed, forlornly, "and we live at home—and oh, I want my supper!"

"Satisfactory, to say the least of it," said the gentleman, smiling a little. "So you want your supper, do you, poor little kitten? There, never mind, you shall have something to eat before long, I promise you. Put your arms round my neck, and hold fast, and I'll carry you down to the lake in five minutes."

He stooped to take her in his arms, stuffing various packages into his pockets as he did so, and setting a big basket and a tin kettle on the ground.

The pot of gold! Elsie in her misery had forgotten it for a moment; but now, at sight of that shining pal, the object of her journey flashed upon her. Molly too gave a heart-broken little cry. "He's got it all! Oh, Elsie! and poor Elsie, feeling her worst fears confirmed, sank back upon the ground in a fit of bitter weeping.

The young man was nonplussed. "What am I to do?" he soliloquized, despairingly.

"Two crying children, night coming on, and scarlet fever at the only house in the neighborhood. I dare not take them there, of course. Well, there seems to be nothing for it but to take them to the camp. Come, come, little one, be good and stop sobbing, and come with me."

He made a vain attempt to take her on the other arm. Elsie pushed his hand away and pointed to the pal. "We came to look for it; we wanted it for sister. She is so poor!" And the tears burst out afresh.

"You wanted what? I don't understand you."

"That!" sobbed Elsie—"the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow."

The stranger burst into a roar of laughter. "Oh, the—mischief! Is that the trouble? My dear child, I haven't touched the pot of gold, I solemnly assure you. That's only a kettle of milk. Just taste and see for yourself."

"It is milk, Elsie," Molly gravely assented, having tasted it approvingly; and, thus reassured, Elsie scrambled to her feet, and let the good natured ogre (so she mentally dubbed him) take her hand and lead her slowly down the hill and toward the shore, where, seen now and then through the bushes, a bright camp fire was blazing.

Around this fire the ogre's companions to the number of five were gathered. One, the eldest of the party, had evidently been indulging in a bath, for he was still guileless of the vanity of shoes and stockings, and in his right hand was a dripping towel, with which from time to time he rubbed his shock of curly red hair, apparently under the delusion that this operation assisted the drying process.

Another of the company, lazily stretched at full length on the ground, was smoking, and between the puffs offering various critical suggestions to his nearest neighbor, who, with a tin plate upside down on his knees, in lieu of a sketch-block, was working at some trifle that had caught his artist fancy.

Still another lay swinging in a hammock; and the fifth man, who was bending over the fire in earnest contemplation, completed the party.

"Done to a turn!" he announced, transferring half a dozen fish from the embers to a plate. "But, see here, does anybody know what has become of Eric? He started on a foraging expedition more than an hour ago, vowing, as he hoped for supper, to lay hands on some milk and a few loaves of bread, and anything else that came convenient."

"Perhaps, like his townsman, the young lady from Boston, he declines to take the milk because it isn't blue enough," suggested a voice from the hammock.

"More likely the milk-maid's blue eyes are in question," amended the sketcher, adding, in a tone of much exasperation: "Confound him and his packing! I don't see what he has done with my sketch-book. Here I am actually reduced to wrapping paper."

The cook laughed, passing over the latter part of the sentence.

"Eric Gratton spooning? Just suppose it when he comes in—if he ever does come, that is. Besides, there are no 'maidens with the milking pail' in this part of the country. Barefoot boys do all that kind of work."

"Pshaw!" grumbled the sketcher. "But why should Eric shut his eyes when he sees a pretty girl, I'd like to know?"

The cook shrugged his shoulders. "Miss Kingsley," he answered briefly.

"What! Gratton engaged? you don't say so?"

"I do not say so," retorted the other, irritably. "She amused herself with him two years ago. It isn't a very unusual story."

"Two years ago!" laughed the smoker. "Why don't you say before the deluge at once?"

"Oh, you may laugh," retorted the first speaker, "but it's true nevertheless. Carl here can tell you all about it," he added, nodding toward the knight of the towel.

"Let's have it, Wagner," said the smoker, persuasively.

The German shook his tousled head by way of decided negative, humming half under his breath the while a suggestive line—

"Was macht der Herr Papa?"

Avery laughed, suddenly enlightened. "Oh! And the young lady?"

Wagner heaved a sigh, half comic, half pathetic. "An angel," he said, briefly.

"Rich, young, beautiful, fine musician, great artist, commonly conversed in blank verse when she didn't happen to be singing in a voice that would have driven Patti wild with envy," supplemented Avery.

"She was young, and really very pretty," said the cook, taking upon himself the role of narrator. "People supposed, too, that Mr. Kingsley was fairly well off, but at his death last year I heard that he had left a trifle less than nothing—lived beyond his means, and that sort of thing. Somebody told me, too, that he had speculated very rashly just before his death. But I'll venture to say that he never had much to lose. That, no doubt, was the reason that he was bent upon having Miss Hester marry her rich lover rather than her poor one."

"Ah, very true! You're right, Mark. Of course there was a rich old fellow, whom she wouldn't look at. I quite forgot that little item," murmured Avery.

"He offered her a set of diamonds one morning. Each separate stone was double the size of the Koh-i-noor; but she only shook her head sadly, and waved him and his gift aside, saying, 'What are such toys to me? A simple violet, plucked by my dear Eric's hand—' Did she marry the other one, by the way?" suddenly dropping his dreamy air, as Wagner's boot came flying at him.

"How could I know," growled Mark Carter. "Probably she did. What can it be that keeps Eric all this time? Avery, set the table, will you?"

Avery yawned, threw away the stump of his cigar, and slowly rose. Having done this much, and taken a dozen steps to the left, he rubbed his eyes and stared.

"Wagner," he shouted, warningly, "here's Eric with two young ladies."

"Young ladies! Oh, don't—"

The last syllables were discreetly smothered in the speaker's beard, probably out of respect to the young ladies in question. He gave his hair a last frantic rub, threw the towel aside, ran his fingers through his ruddy curls by way of a last touch, and finally thrust his bare feet into a pair of gapping shoes. This last operation was speedily followed by a despairing groan. "Both my stockings—"

"Are in the toe of your left boot. I saw you put them there. Never mind, old fellow; keep your agonies to yourself for the present. The Philistines be upon us."

"Philistines indeed! I believe you," growled Wagner, under his breath, and just at that moment Gratton came into full view.

There was a general breath of relief followed by a laugh.

"The Babes in the Wood."

"Runaways."

"Eric, keep quiet for five minutes, while I sketch that little one in your arms."

"Did you beg, borrow, or steal them, may I ask?"

"They are two lost babies," answered Gratton, depositing his provisions in a heap. "Carl, cut some bread; these little waifs are half starved. Did I get any butter? Plenty. You'll find it in the basket. Avery, you have half a dozen small pieces; suppose you try your hand at comforting this child?"

But Elsie, looking up at Avery, only clung the closer to Mr. Gratton, till, glancing round the laughing group, her eyes fell upon Carl Wagner. True German and child-lover that he was, he smiled and held out his arms, and without a moment's hesitation, straight into them went Elsie.

There was some anxious consultation before supper was served, some of the young bachelors having grave doubts as to whether children of tender age might not suddenly expire after a banquet of milk, canned lobster, cheese, trout, green corn, bread and pickles.

"Alice would faint at the mere mention of such a thing," Avery declared. "I know her youngsters have bread and milk."

"Bread and milk be hanged!" was Gratton's retort. "Don't you see that the poor little things are famished? Just pass that spoon, if you please, and leave Molly and her supper to me."

He had the prudence to omit lobster and pickles from Molly's bill of fare; but Elsie, seated upon Wagner's knee, took a little of everything, finishing, by way of dessert, with a large lump of moist brown sugar.

"You may as well wash her hands and face after that last morsel," advised Avery. "I think—look there!"

"There" was Eric's arm, where Molly's golden head was pillowed, fast asleep.

"What comes next?" inquired Gratton.

"Take them home, of course."

"Exactly; but where do they come from? Wagner, what did she tell you her name was?"

"Elsie," said the owner of the name, distinctly.

"And what else?"

"Elsie Martin," responded Elsie, promptly, just as she always answered when Hester heard the easy questions in the catechism. "And hers is Molly," she added, nodding toward the sleeper.

"Nothing but just only Molly. Only in the big Bible where mamma wrote it's Mary."

"And you live down in the village yonder, I suppose?"

Elsie nodded. "With sister. And, oh! won't she be frightened when we don't come home! She might think, perhaps, we had got lost."

"With good reason," grumbled Avery. "Donald, go up to the farm yonder and see if you can't get some sort of a wagon. Somebody must take these precious children home."

"I volunteer to drive," answered the young man addressed as Donald. "Eric and Wagner can act as nurses, and we'll get on capably."

THE CORK LEG.

A tale I tell now without any flum,
In Holland there dwelt Myneer Voncam,
Who every morning said "I am
The richest merchant in Rotterdam."

One day he stuffed himself full as an egg,
When a poor relation came to beg;
He kicked him out without broaching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his leg.

A surgeon—the first in his vocation,
Came in and made a long oration,
He wanted a limb for anatomization,
So finished his job by amputation.

Said Myneer, said he, when he'd done his work,
"By your sharp knife I lost one fork,
But on two crutches I never will stop,
For I'll have a beautiful leg of cork."

An artist in Rotterdam 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme;
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
The springs a compound of clock-work and steam.

The leg was made and it fitted right,
Inspection the artist did invite,
The fine shape gave Myneer delight,
As he fixed it on and secured it tight.

He walked through square and past each shop,
Of speed he went to the utmost top;
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
And he found his leg he could not stop.

Horror and fright were in his face,
The neighbors thought he was running a race;
He clung to a lamp-post to stay his pace,
The leg wouldn't stop but kept on the chase.

Then he called to some men with all his might,
"Oh, stop this leg or I'm murdered quite!"
But though they heard him call and invite,
He was less than a minute was out of sight.

He ran o'er hill and dale and plain,
To reach his weary bones he'd fain;
To throw himself down he tried, but all in vain,
The leg got up and was off again.

He walked of days and nights a score,
Of Europe he had made the tour;
He died—but though he was no more,
The leg walked on the same as before.

In Holland sometimes comes in sight,
A skeleton on a cork leg tight,
No cash did the artist's skill require,
He never was paid—and it served him right.

My tale I've told both plain and free,
Of the richest rich merchant that could be,
Who never was buried though dead we see,
And I've been singing his L-E-G!

AN OYSTER YARN.

I never found anything but once here
In excess of my expectations, or even ap-
proaching them, and that was the New York
oysters. I had then just come from California,
where oysters are very small and unimportant,
and I had often eaten a hundred there at a
time, and had always felt that I could eat
more if I had them. So when I ar-
rived at the Metropolitan Hotel I ordered
my dinner to be served in my room, and
told the waiter to bring with my dinner a
strong cup of coffee and a hundred raw
oysters. He looked at me a moment and then
said:

"Did I understand you to say a hundred
oysters?"

"Yes," I answered; "raw, on the half
shell, with vinegar; no lemons; and as
soon as you can, for I am very hungry."

"Amen! Miss, do you want a hun-
dred?"

"Yes, I do. What are you waiting for?
Must I pay for them in advance? I want
nice large ones."

"No, no, Miss. All right, you shall
have them," and he went out. I continu-
ed my writing, and forgot all about my
dinner until he knocked and came in
with my dinner on a tray, but no oysters.

"How is this?" said I. "There are no
oysters."

"Dey's comin', Miss, dey's comin'," and
the door opened and in filed three more
sons of Africa's burning sands, each with
a big tray of oysters on the half shell.

I was staggered, but only for a moment,
for I saw the waiters were grinning, so I
calmly directed them to place one tray on
a chair, one on the washstand, and one
on the bed, and said:

"They are very small, aren't they?"

"Oh, no, Miss, de berry largest we've
got."

"Very well," said I, "you can go. If I
want any more I'll ring."

When they got out into the hall one said
to the other:

"Fore God, Jo, if she eats all them oys-
ters she's a dead woman."

I did not feel hungry any longer. I
drank my coffee and looked at the oysters,
every one of them as big as my hand, and
all seemed to be looking at me with their
horrible white faces, and out of their
one diabolical eye, until I could not
have eaten one any more than I could
have carved up a live baby. They leered
at me and seemed to dare me to attack
them. Our California oysters are small,
and with no more individual character
about them than grains of rice, but these
detestable creatures were instinct with
evil intentions, and I dared not swallow
one for fear of the disturbance he might
raise in my interior, so I set about getting
rid of them, for I was never going to
give up beaten before those waiters. I
hung a dress over the key-hole after I
locked the door, and just outside my
window found a tin waterspout that had
a small hole in it. I carefully enlarged
it, and then said every one of those beast-
ly creatures down one by one—one hun-
dred and two of them—they all the time
eying me with that cold, nasty look of
malignity. When the last one was out of
sight I stopped trembling, and finished
my dinner in peace, and then rang for
the waiters. You just should have seen
their faces! One of the waiters asked if
I would have some more. May be never
know the internal pang he inflicted upon
me, but I replied, calmly:

"Not now. I think too many at once
might be hurtful."

A Madder if not a Wiser Man.

The denouncement was brought about
in this way. He had decided to make
her a formal offer of his hand and heart
—all he was worth, and then he hoped to
be indulged in some lover-like demon-
strations, the young lady so far being
coolly indifferent in her manner to him.
He attributed this to maidenly reserve,
for it never occurred to him that she was
not in love with him. He cautiously
prefaced his declaration with a few ques-
tions.

Did she love him well enough to live in
a cottage with him? Was she a good
cook and bottle-washer? Did she think
it a wife's duty to make home happy?
Would she consult his tastes and wishes
concerning her associates and pursuits in

life? Was she economical? Could she
make her own clothes, etc?

The young lady said that before she
answered his questions she would assure
him of some negative virtues she possessed.

She never drank, smoked or chewed;
never owed a bill to her laundry or tailor;
never stayed out all night playing bill-
iards; never lounged on the street corner
and ogled giddy girls; never stood in with
the boys for cigars and wine suppers.

"Now," said she, rising indignantly, "I
am assured by those who know that you
do all those things, and it is rather absurd
for you to expect all the virtues in me
while you do not possess one of them
yourself. I can never be your wife," and
she bowed him out and left him standing
on the cold door step, a madder if not a
wiser man.

It is Not Entirely Marrying Black
Eyes to Blue.

Men and women, and especially young
people, do not know that it takes years
to marry completely two hearts, even of
the most loving and well sorted. But
nature allows no sudden change. We
slope very gradually from the cradle to
the summit of life. Marriage is gradual,
a fraction of us at a time.

A happy wedlock is a long falling in
love. I know young persons think love
belongs only to brown hair and plump,
round, crimson cheeks. So it does for
its beginning, just as Mount Washington
begins at Boston Bay. But the golden
marriage is a part of love which the brid-
al day knows nothing of.

Youth is the tassel and silken flower of
love; age is the full corn, ripe and solid
in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of
love with its prophetic crimson, violet,
purple and gold, with its hopes of days
that are to come. Beautiful also is the
evening of love, with its glad remem-
brance, and its rainbow side turned to-
ward heaven as well as earth.

Young people marry their opposites in
temper and general character, and such
a marriage is generally a good one. They
do it instinctively. The young man does
not say: "My black eyes require to be
wed to blue, and my overvehement re-
quires to be a little modified with some-
what of dullness and reserve." When
these opposites come together to be wed
they do not know it, but each thinks the
other just like himself.

Old people never marry their opposites;
they marry their similars and from cal-
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Old

(Continued from first page).

to take away the lamb. Keep the animal's bowels in fair condition by occasional doses of sulphate of magnesia, 1 oz., Jamaica ginger, pulp., half an ounce, mix; for one dose give in a little warm water.

Injury of Hock in a Mare.

EASTON RAPIDS, June 27th, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.
I have a four year old roan mare that was kicked on the inside of the hock joint, extending from near the point of the hock forward and down; skin not broken; swollen some; was a little lame for a few days; applied cold water, seemed better; took her up one morning; was very lame and swollen full, applied hot water for two half days, then Mustang Liniment for about two days, when it broke and has discharged freely since; have applied carbolic acid and water; it now seems to be doing well and the lameness is somewhat better. What do you recommend, and what should I have done at the start? It is now about two weeks since she was kicked by a bare foot. I cannot procure your medicines here.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The application of hot or cold water in the early stages of such an injury, followed by the application of Prof. R. Jennings' Evincio Liniment, would have prevented the abscess forming. Your druggist would have sent for it at your request; it can be ordered through any wholesale drug house in Detroit. Since the formation of the abscess your treatment with carbolic acid, if not too strong, is correct, an ounce to one pint of water is strong enough.

Puerperal or Milk Fever in the Cow.

FOREST HILL, July 3d, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.
DEAR SIR:—Will you give me a description of milk fever in cows and treat the disease in the MICHIGAN FARMER. I have three cows to come in soon, and as there is considerable milk fever around here, would like to be prepared for it.

Yours,

E. H. ESTES.

Answer.—In puerperal, or milk fever in the cow, the premonitory symptoms are restlessness, pawing and shifting the feet, pulse at first full and accelerated, respiration slightly disturbed, secretion of milk partially suspended; eyes bloodshot, or of a leaden hue, with a wild, unnatural expression; appetite lost; muzzle hot and nose dry; mouth open and tongue protruding. At this stage of the disease the cow is very irritable; the udder is swollen, hot and tender to the touch. As the disease advances the milk is entirely suspended; eyes bulge out; hind legs show weakness; and the animal shows a tottering gait if forced to move; no notice is taken of the calf; respiration labored; pulse small and quick; she finally staggers and falls, lying either in a comatose condition or dashing her head violently about; lashes her tail; moans; cold sweats bedew the body; the paunch is unnaturally swollen; legs, horns, and ears become cold. She lies with her head resting up, on her side, or with head and neck stretched out; the eyes, with dilated pupils, are set in the head, presenting a peculiar glassy appearance, and if not speedily relieved, the animal dies. These symptoms are not all to be found in any one animal, but vary according to circumstances. The above symptoms have all been observed in different animals suffering from an attack of milk fever. The owners of dairy stock, as well as the most eminent veterinary surgeons, heretofore regarded it as an incurable disease. That day, we are happy to say, has passed, and milk fever has been deprived of its heretofore destructive power by the use of Prof. R. Jennings' Bovine Panacea, as thousands can testify.

As a preventive it will give every farmer and dairymen to keep it on hand. If your druggist does not have it, have him send for it.

Ticks on Sheep.

VANDALIA, Mich., June 27th, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR:—I saw in the FARMER of last week a remedy for ticks on sheep, also one two weeks ago in the veterinary columns of the FARMER. Now I would not say a word against the remedy that appeared in the veterinary columns, for I have received much valuable advice from the professor through the veterinary department. But his remedy amused me. He says linseed oil, turpentine, and pure tar, mixed in equal parts, rubbed on and around the ticks will destroy them. This put me in mind of a story I heard when a boy of eight summers. I presume every boy has heard it. It was, if you wished to catch a bird put salt on his tail. Now if we have to catch the sheep and put tar and turpentine on and around each tick, why not pick the ticks off, box them up and send them to Washington and have them punished; then they would not be troubled laboring for a living. If you will permit I will give you a recipe that worked well in a flock of one thousand head belonging to J. E. Bonine of Cass County, Mich. The remedy was applied about the year 1861 or 1862, since which time there has been no ticks on the flock or its descendants. Take one table spoonful of sulphur, mix well with one quart of common barrel salt, when it is one hundred sheep once a week for five or six weeks, when ewes are not with lamb, will rid them of all ticks. I. A. BONINE.

Answer.—We publish with pleasure the above letter from our worthy correspondent of Vandalia, commenting upon the remedy or rather its application as suggested by us for the destruction of ticks on sheep. In reply permit us to say: In answering questions upon subjects so generally understood by our farmers and sheep breeders, it is not expected of us to give the stereotyped remedies so widely known; such as dipping into a solution of tobacco; the application of mercurial ointment (always dangerous), etc. Neither is it necessary that our directions as to the rubbing on and around each particular tick should be strictly followed. The application coming in contact with the tick destroys it. Where they exist in large numbers time may be saved, and at the same time the object accomplished, by making the application to all parts of the body without singling out each particular parasite. Such a course it seems to us would naturally suggest itself to the operator.

The purity and elegant perfume of Parker's Hair Balm explain the popularity of this reliable restorative.

Cribbers' Muzzle.

MARQUETTE, June 28th, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

Have you the cribber's muzzle for sale? If so, at what price, and give me the particulars for using it. If it will give satisfaction I will send for one. I have a cribber that a strap won't stop.

J. F. BASSERD.

Answer.—We do not keep the cribbing muzzle. You can have one made by any good worker in iron from the engraving of it, as published in the MICHIGAN FARMER of a year ago.

For the Michigan Farmer.

PENCIL SKETCHES BY THE WAY.

In our business rambles over the township of Hadley, Lapeer county, we observe plainly visible on all sides an era of improvement that is pleasing. New houses and barns are dotting the landscape, fences are being placed in order, all of which pleases the eye if it does not tickle the fancy. The soil is heavy and rich, but in some portions very rolling. We called at many of the houses, and therefore met the farmers at their homes, and enjoyed the short visits made with them.

We find that though Martin N. Kelly resides in Metamora, of which town he is supervisor, he owns 207 acres of land in Hadley. This farm is very productive and yields abundant crops, the soil being very rich and strong. It shows splendid cultivation, the house, barns and fences being in good shape. On it we find some good grade cattle, a flock of sheep numbering over 100, and some good horses. This farm is managed by Sumner Collins, who has worked it for money wages for the last year or two, and who, although not a farm owner, chooses to subscribe, pay for and read the MICHIGAN FARMER, that thereby he may more closely conserve the interests of his employer. What a contrast does this case present to me as I think of some that I meet who boast of their well-tilled acres, well filled barns and say that they can't afford it—but who read their neighbor's!

I met one well-to-do farmer who said he read the FARMER each week, by walking over to a friend's, five miles distant!! This speaks well for the character of the paper, but not for the character of the man.

James H. Hemingway lives just east of the village of Hadley, in a convenient and stylish two-story frame house, from which a splendid view is had of the little village and an expanse of surrounding country. Mr. H. has lived upon this farm of 166 acres for many years, and it is one that yields richly of fruits and cereals. In the way of stock he finds some thoroughbred Shorthorns, a fine three year old Berkshire sow with a growing litter of pigs, a two-year-old full-bred Berkshire boar purchased from Mr. Tom Foster of Flint, and a fine seven year old Hambletonian mare of good color and size, with gait enough for a good rider.

D. A. Crampton has 240 acres in one body in good location, upon which he is building a two-story frame house 16x30, 16x30 and 16x34, with cellar under all. In stock we saw a flock of 100 grade sheep and 2 ewes that he purchased from Vermont breeders. His buck sheared 200 lbs.; also a good bunch of grade cows.

Mr. Aaron Brigham owes 256 acres, upon which he settled in 1833. This farm is now managed by his son Henry, who demonstrates that he is equal to the control and working of it. Your correspondent and his genial friend Mr. Hemingway, were seated at a well-filled table (although the dinner hour had been passed some time), prepared by Mrs. Henry Brigham, to which we did full justice, and were much pleased with her hospitality, after which we looked at a fine Shorthorn bull, two years old, of good color, shape and size, whose dam was from the herd of Phelps Brothers, of Washtenaw county. We also looked over three thoroughbred cows, one of them 4 years old and two 2 years old. He had just lost a thoroughbred cow that he had purchased from Sanborn's herd at Port Huron. This land is slightly rolling, has been fully cropped for many years, but less will be done in the future and more attention will then be given to stock breeding.

H. Palmerlee pointed out to us on his 107 acre farm the finest growth of wheat that we have seen in any field this year. He, by the way, is one of the most thorough farmers in the town, and all say he raises the largest and most sure crop year after year of one.

A. J. Snook lives in a good frame house on 160 acres, which he finds plenty of time to keep thoroughly worked, to attend to the care of a good herd of Shorthorn cows, his sheep and horses, to keep his garden well hoed out, and to read the best agricultural journal in the west. He has a fine orchard, numberless trees of small fruits, pears, peaches, etc., and as we inhale the sweet perfume of plants indoors and out, we know that Mrs. S. must feel and realize and live with the idea that it is not all the mission of a farmer's wife to delve and drudge. As we visit with her and eat a supper from her wellspread table, we revel in the idealistic faith that the time will come when all farmers' wives will be imbued with the same notion, and have the privilege of devoting time.

George W. Crampton, the supervisor of the township, kindly spent a day with us in the interest of your journal, and was well pleased to aid us in its circulation, knowing so well its value to every farmer. We find him living upon and caring for the same farm of 113 acres upon which he was born and always lived. It is only one mile north of the village, is beautifully situated and very productive. He was formerly much interested in sheep culture, but is now out of it, although he has a fondness for looking at a flock of sheep and will no doubt soon have another one. He has also a particularly fine fancy for Shorthorn stock, of which he has some that do him credit. Our thanks are here tendered him for his many favors.

We should have been pleased to have looked at the well bred stock of James McDougall and the sheep of Robert Stewart, but they were both absent.

The Tunison Brothers are the leading merchants in this place. They carry a full line of goods usually kept in a country store, are pleasing gentlemen to do business with, and at the same time own one of the best 100 acre farms in this vicinity; in fact it lies along one of the main roads in the village and is well managed by A. M. Tunison. The father of these boys was one of the first settlers here, having come in 1835. Their mother was the daughter of the late Oliver Davenport, and sister of Hon. George Davenport, who represents this district at Lansing.

We were much aided here in our enquiries by E. A. Willersdorf, a relative of this firm, and whose home is in Orange Co., New York. Thanks for his many favors.

We must here call attention to the fact that some four years ago, a few of the farmers in this town met together for social profit and interest as neighbors, each one of them exhibiting some stock or product, and each content if he could carry off a ribbon. This interest and feeling finally culminated in organizing the Hadley District Fair, and they will hold the 5th fair, when your reporter has promised to be present. They own ten acres close by the village, have a good track, but offer no speed premiums, have it well fenced, good sheds, substantial main hall, dining hall 24x180 feet, with Hon. Geo. Davenport for president, Geo. W. Crampton secretary, and an efficient and active board of directors.

N. Winslow, of Elba, cheerfully showed us his flock of 50 well bred sheep, pointed out to us the weather that sheared 30 lbs.; also a four-year-old red heifer of Durham and Devon cross that is a marvel of beauty, and also his herd of full bred Shorthorns and two grades. He has 116 acres on which there is a good house and barn, the latter 32x44, with 16 foot posts and 8 foot basement. The barn is painted, solid in its frame, and has two ventilators on the peak of its roof, with water convenient in barn supplied by windmill from a well at some distance.

Some hours were pleasantly passed with the Hon. John T. Rich, who although defeated in the last political campaign, retired with the proud consciousness of having served his constituents in this congressional district two years faithfully, honestly and well in the nation's legislative halls. He may well be proud of his record, and we should be pleased to see him again here. But he gracefully retired, and is now at home enjoying his comforts, breathing the pure air, and caring for his herd of thoroughbred cattle and his flock of fine woolled Merinos. As we walk around over his farm of 300 acres that lies so handsomely, that produces such bountiful crops of hay and grain, look at his herd and flock, we almost envy him his lot. Mr. R. is known far and wide as a breeder, and his stock stand and rank so high, that we with our feeble abilities will not attempt to describe them. We could not however, pass his well known 12 year old thoroughbred Shorthorn cow Florina without more than a passing glance. We have seen her familiar form at several fairs, where she has always been admired by countless thousands, and she has always returned home triumphant, with honors. She still retains her form and beauty, and two years ago gave her owner a bull calf which would do credit to any herd, and excelling in some points, we think, the five-year-old bull that has been doing service at the State Agricultural farm and which Mr. R. has lately purchased and brought home. It is true however, that the latter is a fine animal both in color and size, weighing nearly 2,400 lbs. It took us nearly two hours to look over this herd, but we thoroughly enjoyed it. As we returned we noticed that Mr. R. was making some needed improvements around his barns, having removed one from near the roadside back some distance and nearer the others. This barn has been raised sufficiently to give room below for a basement full size and nine feet high, which will be used exclusively for stock-stabling purposes. A large force of masons and carpenters were hastening it on to completion. We believe that Mr. R. will erect a larger and more stylish house for his own residence within a short time, although his present one is quite homelike and cheerful. How can it be otherwise when it is made so agreeable even to strangers by himself and amiable wife?

The Selby brothers showed us their 160 farm, which is but slightly rolling, a handsome pair of young Black Bashaw roadsters, weighing about 2,900 lbs., that we call good, also a lot of grade and full blood sheep from Rich's flock.

While in Lapeer township we called at the fine farm house and farm of 440 acres owned by William H. Louks, but found him absent at the village; however, we had the groom lead out the famous Percheron stallion Forrester, imported by M. W. Dunham and sold to Merrill, of Bay City, and by him to Mr. L. We find him in fine shape and almost faultless as regards form and action. His half sister, which was also sold out, is a good specimen of this breed. We regretted the absence of the owner, as we much wished to look at the 40 and odd Percheron breeding mares which were running in his pasture fields, many with colts by their side, but the owner being absent and the heavy grass soaking wet with the last heavy rains, we deferred. However, many of them are said to be very fine, and as we met Mr. L. on his return home, he informed us that he had selected them himself with the utmost care and judgment, only taking those of good blood and with points that would be stamped upon their progeny. Many of them were purchased in the west, and are no doubt valuable as breeders. This is probably the largest farm that is devoted to stock breeding in the State.

We find J. P. Roberts, of Lapeer City, to be a chock full of horse enthusiasm, and we cheerfully accept the invitation to ride behind his stallion Monogram. He had often heard of but had never seen him. He is of a rich chestnut color, standing 16 hands high, and weighs about 2,300 pounds. As he is driven by us we see his fine gait, his lofty stride

and action, his every movement denoting strength and muscular activity. He moves with dignity, head higher up than any horse we have ever seen, but yet graceful and sprightly. He was sired by old Fearnaught, and traces back through the best strains of blood. His sire was particularly valuable in stamping upon his get many good qualities aside from their speed, and they always brought a high average price to their breeders. As we reach the stables west in and look at the five-year-old stallion Fabe Chester, a son of Monogram, dam by Romeo Messenger. He is 16 hands high, compactly built, rich dark chestnut color, with one white hind foot and stripe in face. Our time was too limited to have him led out for thorough inspection, but we liked his appearance. Monogram has got some fine stock in this vicinity, for instance, Mamie E. Wood, a two-year-old chestnut filly with a well bred roan mare for dam, is very large and rangy, and shows an open slashing gait with a promise to be a trotter. Her owner has refused \$250 for her. Also the chestnut colt Conny, two years old in August, and bred and owned by J. Vosburg, is pronounced by good judges one of the finest in Michigan, we know his owner has refused \$400 for him; while several others have been raised and sold in this county for \$400 to \$1,000 each. We saw one two weeks old in the range that is a perfect beauty, and must develop into a valuable animal. These few instances that have come to my notice will, I think, stamp Monogram as a valuable sire, for if a trotter is not obtained you have a roadster of good size, color and strength, with beauty and style combined.

ON THE WING.

Does the Moon Affect Pork and Peas?

BURCK, July 2d, 1883.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I am a subscriber to your paper and wish my turn for a question or two.

1st. Is the idea that pork is affected by the time of the moon in which it was killed a delusion, or is it founded on scientific principles? My pork fries down very small and I am told that this is the cause.

2d. Why do peas sown at one time in the month bloom and continue to produce nothing? Is it admitted that the phases of the moon do affect vegetation?

3d. The old superstition in regard to peas has been thoroughly exploded, and few farmers pay any attention to it. There are no "scientific principles" involved in the matter at all. It was and is purely a superstition. Science is totally opposed to such ideas.

There is one thing the heavy rains of this season have done, and that is they have drowned out those people who wanted the forests preserved for fear of drought. If cutting down the forests will decrease the rainfall, we have seen several farmers the past week who would be willing to spend a few days at that work.

Flies and Bugs.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

COMMERCIAL.
DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, July 10, 1883.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 483 bu, against 1,231 bu. last week, and the shipments were 3,175 bu. The demand for flour is more active, and under light receipts the market has been quite firm for the past few days. Prices are unchanged. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Roller process.....\$5 00 @ 55 75
Winter wheat, extra brand.....4 00 @ 50 75
Winter wheat, country.....3 50 @ 45 75
Winter wheat, No. 1.....3 00 @ 40 75
Minnesota patents.....7 00 @ 80 00
Rye flour.....6 00 @ 70 00

Wheat.—The market opened dull yesterday, with no one seeming to want wheat at any price. After trading along for some time, reports of a sharp decline in Chicago caused a feeling of distrust among sellers, and prices were allowed to drop about 1 1/2c per bu. on spot. Closing quotations here were as follows: No. 1 white, \$1.07; No. 2 red, 90c; No. 3 red, 75c; No. 2 red, 10c; No. 3 red, 10c; rejected, 11c. In futures quotations on the various deals were as follows: May, \$1.07; September, \$1.05; October, \$1.07.

Corn.—Market quiet. Sales yesterday were as follows: Three cars No. 2 at 45c, and a car at 45c; new mixed, 7c; and a car at 46c per bu.

Oats.—Heavy shipments and light receipts at Chicago yesterday caused considerable strength in oats, and the demand here was quite active. Sales were as follows: No. 2 white, one car at 42c and one car to arrive at 41c per bu; No. 2 three cars at 39c per bu.

Feed.—Inactive and unsettled. Bar is nominal at \$12 25 @ 12 50; coarse middlings \$13, and fine do \$14.

Butter.—Market continues depressed, and 15c @ 16c per lb are the best quotations for finest of the receipts; the lower grades are dull at 10c @ 14c. Creamery is steady at 10c @ 11c per lb.

Cheese.—The market is steady, but rather dull. For cheddar, No. 1, 11c @ 12c per lb; the best figures, and 10c @ 11c for second quality.

Eggs.—Fresh are steady at 10c @ 11c per doz. Beeswax—Scarce and very firm; quotations are 28c @ 30c per lb.

Beans.—Quiet and steady. Picked, \$2 00 @ 2 10. Unpicked are nominal at \$1 20 @ 1 30.

Dried Apples.—Quiet at 85c @ 9c, evaporated fruit, 15c.

Honey.—Very quiet. Fine white comb is quoted at 15c @ 16c; strained, 12c @ 13c.

Hops.—Nothing doing. From 35 to 40c per lb. could probably be obtained for choice.

Oatmeal.—Southern are quoted at \$4 25 @ 4 50 per bu.

Potatoes.—Old are dull at 25c @ 30c per bu, with carload lots still lower. New potatoes are selling at \$2 25 @ 2 50 per bu.

Peaches.—Peck baskets are quoted at \$2 25 per doz; respectively red, \$3 50 to \$4 00 per doz; black, \$3 00 to \$3 50 per doz.

Vegetables.—Green onions, 25c @ 30c per dozen bunches; new cabbage, per two dozen crate, \$2 25 @ 2 50; lettuce, 40c @ 45c; pea plant, 35c @ 40c per dozen bunches; spinach, 40c @ 45c per bu; cucumbers, 20c @ 25c per dozen; Mississippi tomatoes in one-half boxes, \$1 25 @ 1 50; peas, \$1 25 @ 1 50 per bu; string beans, \$1 25 @ 1 50; wax beans, \$2 25 @ 2 50 per bu; summer squash, 60c @ 65c per dozen and asparagus, 40c per doz.

Provisions.—Market unchanged and with a downward tendency. Lard is also weak. The Chicago market is lower for all pork products. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Meat.....\$18 00 @ 18 50
Family do.....19 00 @ 19 50
Clear do.....20 00 @ 21 00
For choice.....21 00 @ 22 00
Lard in kegs, per lb.....12 00 @ 12 50
Hams, per lb.....12 00 @ 12 50

Shoulders, per lb.....9 00 @ 9 50
Extra bacon, per lb.....12 50 @ 13 00
Chico meat, per lb.....13 00 @ 13 50
Tallow, per lb.....7 00 @ 7 50
Dried beef, per lb.....7 00 @ 7 50

Hay.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue sales for the past week:

Monday.—14 loads; six at \$12; four at \$10; one at \$13, \$11, \$10, \$11, \$8 and \$7.
Tuesday.—22 loads; six at \$11; four at \$10; two at \$15, \$14, \$10, \$10, \$10 and \$9; one at \$13 and \$12.
Wednesday.—18 loads; six at \$12; four at \$12; two at \$11, \$10 and \$11; one at \$13 and \$10.
Friday.—20 loads; nine at \$12; five at \$11; four at \$11; three at \$12; two at \$13, \$10 and \$10; one at \$14.
Saturday.—19 loads; five at \$13; four at \$12; three at \$11; one at \$11, \$11, \$10, \$10, \$9, \$8 and \$7.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.
At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, July 7, 1883.
The following were the receipts at these yards.

Cattle	No.	Wt.	High.
Battle Creek	30	120	...
Clyde	21
Chico	25
D. H. & C. H. Y.	115
Williamston	25
Ypsilanti	22
Total	126	274	68

The offerings of Michigan cattle at these yards numbered 126 head, against 182 last week. There was a heavy run of western cattle and buyers dipped in pretty freely on them. Our readers seem to have taken our advice and are keeping their cattle at home. Put them in good condition and market them after the run of westerns is over and they will bring you remunerative prices.

Good cattle today are fetching good prices here, but the poorer grades are the ones that suffer most from the western competition. The attendance of buyers was rather light, but prices remained about the same range as those of last week. The following were the closing

quotations:

Good to choice shorthorn steers	5 00 @ 55 00
Fair shipping steers	5 00 @ 55 00
Good to choice butchers' steers	5 25 @ 55 00
Fair butchers' steers	5 00 @ 55 00
Fair to good mixed butchers' stock	4 00 @ 55 00
Coarse mixed butchers' stock	3 75 @ 55 00
Bulls	3 50 @ 55 00
Stockers	4 00 @ 55 00

Dunning sold Overhoff 6 good butchers' steers and heifers at \$5.50.

Wreford & Beck sold 20 mixed westerns and 40 mixed shorthorn steers and a thin cow at 90c @ \$1.00.

C. Roe sold Burt Spencer 23 mixed westerns at \$2.00, and 27 mixed shorthorn steers at \$1.75.

Wreford & Beck sold 24 mixed westerns at \$2.00, and 27 mixed shorthorn steers at \$1.75.

Mayhew sold Fairman 10 shorthorn steers at \$1.75, and 4 mixed shorthorn steers at \$1.50.

Overhoff sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 8 head of fair butchers' stock at \$8.00.

Dunning sold Drake 8 shorthorn steers at \$1.75.

C. Roe sold John Robinson 22 mixed westerns at \$1.75, and 40 mixed shorthorn steers at \$1.50.

Wreford & Beck sold 10 mixed westerns at \$1.75, and 40 mixed shorthorn steers at \$1.50.

Judson sold Sullivan a mixed lot of 21 head of fair butchers' stock at \$4.00, less 50c on the lot.

The offerings of sheep numbered 274, against 247 last week. The market continues dull and prices weak.

Thayer sold Fitzpatrick 88 at 10c @ \$1.25, and 22 at 8c @ \$1.00.

Gifford sold Fitzpatrick 115 at 8c @ \$1.00.

The offerings of hogs numbered 63, against 45 last week. The market here shows no change, prices ranging from \$5.50 to \$6.00 per hundred.

King's Yards.
Monday, July 9, 1883.

CATTLE.
The market opened up at these yards with 203 head of cattle on sale, and a good attendance of buyers. The demand was active to the extent of the supply at prices on fair to good cattle 10c @ 12c per hundred higher than those at the Central Yards on Saturday. Poor grades sold at about the same rates.

Montgomery sold Hayes a mixed lot of 10 head of fair butchers' stock at 70c @ \$1.00, and 4 thin ones to John Wreford at 60c @ \$1.00.

Green sold Marx 4 fair butchers' steers at 80c @ \$1.00.

Adams sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 6 head of coarse butchers' stock at 55c @ \$1.00.

Jenny sold Kammion 6 thin butchers' cows at 90c @ \$1.00.

Overhoff sold Knuch 5 good butchers' steers at 90c @ \$1.00, and 5 to Smith at 1.00 @ \$1.00.

Clark sold Stickel 2 fair butchers' steers at 80c @ \$1.00.

Kahler sold Baxter 2 fair butchers' heifers at 80c @ \$1.00.

Platt sold Stickel 3 fair butchers' steers at 80c @ \$1.00.

Sly sold Tucker 11 good butchers' steers and heifers at 1.10 @ \$1.25.